

THE

REPUBLICAN

Campaign Songster :

A COLLECTION OF

LYRICS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

SPECIALLY PREPARED

FOR THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM IN THE CAMPAIGN
OF FIFTY-SIX.

A LARGE MAJORITY OF THESE SONGS WERE WRITTEN
EXPRESSLY FOR THIS VOLUME, AND NOW
APPEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME.

New York and Auburn:
MILLER, ORTON AND MULLIGAN,
NEW YORK:—25 PARK ROW.

AUBURN:—107 GENERESE ST.

1856.

A voice from the *Free States* went thundering forth,
Which told them of *twice as much North* as they
wanted.

O, they thought we were dumb,
But the loud-rolling drum
Soon announced that the *North* had been found, and
would come
With her millions of *free men* to claim the *free soil*,
Which they sought to usurp for their lash-goaded toil !

III.

They trampled the "*Compact*" by which they were
bound,
Our *Doughfaces* winked at their ruffian advances—
Their *faith* was a fable, their *oath* a mere sound,
As their "*live-stock* would fetch higher prices in
Kansas !"

For so long had they known
Our *Doughfaces* alone,
They deemed the fair *North* was without a *back-
bone*,
But with FREMONT to guide her, and *God* to sustain,
She has hurled back the bandits who strove to enchain.

IV.

We arose in our might, and we rescued the land,
We fixed on "*bad faith*" our broad seal of abhor-
rence ;
The "*Compact*" was gone ! Let a FRE-MONT then stand
Between their fierce hordes and the ashes of *Law-
rence* !

Calm and tame though it looks
The staunch *North* hardly BROOKS
To have bludgeons reply to the logic of books,
And henceforth o'er *free soil* our *free flag* shall wave,
Not an inch, now uncursed, shall be cursed by the slave !

Rallying Song.TUNE.—*The Marsellaise Hymn.*

Sung with great applause at several Fremont and Dayton Ratification meetings.

BEHOLD! the furious storm is rolling,
 Which Border Fiends, confederate, raise.
 The Dogs of War, let loose, are howling,
 And lo! our infant cities blaze.
 And shall we calmly view the ruin,
 While lawless force with giant stride
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 In guiltless blood his hands imbruing?
 Arise, arise, ye braves,
 And let our war-cry be,
 Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
 FRE-MONT and Victory!

Oh, Liberty! can he resign thee,
 Who once has felt thy generous flame?
 Can threats subdue, or bolts confine thee—
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 No! by the heaven's bright bending o'er us!
 We've called our Captain to the van—
 Behold the hour—behold the man!
 Oh, wise and valiant, go before us!
 Then let the shout again
 Ring out from sea to sea,
 Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
 FRE-MONT and Victory!

Hurrah, hurrah! from hill and valley,
 Hurrah, from prairie wide and free!
 Around our glorious Chieftain rally,
 For *Kansas* and for *Liberty*!
 Let him who first her wilds exploring,
 Her virgin beauty gave to fame,
 Now save her from the curse and shame

Which Slavery o'er her soil is pouring.
 Our Standard-Bearer, then,
 The brave Pathfinder be!
 Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
 FRE-MONT and Victory!

The Star-Spangled Banner.

The *New York Tribune* of June 9, extracts the following from the Kansas correspondence of *The Chicago Tribune*:

"A white flag, with a blood-red star in the center—the ensign of the Southern Disunionists, was hoisted on the Free-State Hotel, at Lawrence, before the cannonading commenced.

"Sheriff Jones himself planted a red flag—appropriate emblem of pirates!—on the roof of *The Herald of Freedom* office.

"An American flag floated from a staff at the fort erected last autumn near the Kansas River. The 'legally organized' militia *hauled it down and tore it into ribbons*. This act is significant of their ultimate designs."

O SAY, do you see in the fair morning light
 What so oft we have hailed in our land's free air
 gleaming,
 That flag which was borne through the perilous fight
 When, to leave their sons free, our sires' life-blood
 was streaming?
 O tell us—do still those stars beam through the air!
 Do those glorious stripes flow? is our country's flag
 there?
 Ah, no! 'tis the conquerors' flag which they wave
 O'er the home of the base and the land of the Slave!

On that shore where they gaze o'er Eternity's deep—
 In that shadowy land where each hero reposes,
 A reveillé sounds, and they start from their sleep:
 Ah! what is the sight which this flashing discloses?
 From the cannon's rude throat there issues a gleam,
 And it lights up the plain and illumines the stream;

What shrieks are these heard? whose this blood on
the wave?

They are killing the Free to give place to the Slave?

O, past are those days when so stoutly we swore
To pay traitors with death—hurl at tyrants con-
fusion!

One curse was left with us—we crave for yet more:
Not enough do we know of Crime's damning pol-
lution.

The fiat goes forth: He who works is a slave;
If black, he's a Beast; if white, he's a Knave!

Aye! tear down the flag! no more should it wave
Where for Freedom is left not e'en soil for a grave!

Must it ever be thus, when Freeman shall stand
On the soil of their birth, to avert desolation—
Their cries going up from a hell-conquered land
To Heaven's tribunal? O! infatuate Nation
Rouse, rouse thyself up! Become righteous and just!
Once more be thy motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the Star-Spangled Banner unsullied shall wave,
O'er a host of great nations, free, mighty and brave!
N. Y. Tribune.

The Gudgeon of Democracy and the Southron Ark.

AIR—"The Cruel Troopers riding by."

"I am no longer James Buchanan. I must henceforth regard
myself as the representative of the platform made at Cincin-
nati." In other words—"I am clay in the hands of the potter:
let him make me into a vessel of honor or dishonor as he will."

The cunning Southrons took the clay
Of him who *had been* JAMES BUCHANAN,
The potters on that glorious day
Were DOUGLAS, PIERCE, and WILSON SHANNON.

"Make me," said BUCK, before he died,
 "Whatever shape may readiest please you;
 To me 'twill be a source of pride
 Even in the humblest form to ease you—
 Even in the *very humblest form!*

The potters—envying the slave—
 Into a deep, round vessel made him,
 And, by the villainous shape they gave,
 For all their disappointments paid him:
 They ran a broad rim round the mouth,
 A twisted slave-whip formed the handle,
 The lid was fashioned in the South,
 And "warranted" to hide each scandal—
 It was a most portentous lid!

They called the thing by holy names,
 "Let's deck it now to catch the gudgeon!"
 They painted LAWRENCE wrapped in flames,
 And SUMNER stretched beneath the bludgeon;
 Weak women, torn by bloodhounds' teeth,
 Grew swift to view beneath their pencil—
 Whips, gyves, and gibbets, formed a wreath
 Around the top of the utensil—
 Around this strange utensil's top!

With flaunting flags and bugle-blow
 They placed it on a gilded chariot—
 (Even BROOKS and PIERCE, though fallen so low,
 Before "the mob" refused to carry it!)
 They yoked a team of "*office-knaves*,"
 And wrote these words that all might read 'em—
 "Bow down, ye doughfaced northern slaves!
 Before this genuine ark of Freedom!
 This ark "*the Original Jacob's*" is!

A yell derisive rent the air
 "That kinder aint the ark as *we* want!"
 The team of "spoilmen" quaked to hear
 The universal cry for "FREMONT!"

They hitched, they felt their traces fret,
 The scene defies the painter's pencil ;
 Just then the chariot was upset,
 And down came tumbling "the utensil"—
That night perfumery "fetched its price !"

The Retrospect.

AIR.—" *The Old Oaken Bucket.*"

A prophetic manifestation, not made by any "Spirit" in particular.

How proud will our boast be in ages succeeding,
 When *Kansas* her millions of *freemen* doth nurse—
 "We rescued that fair land, all trampled and bleeding,
 From those who would blast it with *slavery's* curse :
 We faced the fierce torrent of foes from the border,
 We bore back the '*ruffians*' who tried to enslave—
 The '*Pathfinder*' found us a new path to 'order,'—
 Our 'order' is freedom—but their's was the grave!"
 They voted for Freedom, for FREMONT and Freedom—
 Our children shall sculpture these words on our grave.

That battle for *Kansas* ! The fate of all ages
 Was staked on our firmness—the stake found us true!

A new glory beams on our history's pages—
 Another star gleams in our firmament blue !
 With ATCHISON, STRINGFELLOW, COLEMAN* to lead 'em
 The "ruffians" crossed over to fetter and kill—
 But, planted on FREMONT, the banner of *freedom*
 Soon waved o'er a free soil for free men to till !
 All praise to the *freemen* who voted for FREMONT,
 And won a free soil for *free white men* to till !

* Coleman, (the unhung murderer of Dow,) was one of the recognized leaders at the sack of Lawrence.

But stay! there's a name must be coupled with *Kansa*.
 A soft, gentle name which to victory called;
 Ah, JESSIE! the word will adorn these dull stanzas,
 And hold him who reads, in sweet memories enthralled!
 Like a star in the gloom, was the sweet wife of FREMONT,
 Her name gave us strength with the "ruffians" to cope,
 And to let them "*subdue us*" we never could dream on't,
 For FREMONT's dear JESSIE still whispered of hope,
 'Twas TOM BENTON's daughter, 'twas sweet JESSIE FREMONT
 Who filled all our bosoms with conquering hope!

Grim Truth in Masquerade.

AIR—"Alley Croaker."

DEDICATED

(Without permission) to the Signer of the Fugitive Slave Bill

"But facts are chiefs that winna ding,
 And downa be disputed."—BURNS.

"A Vice of Office."—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE lives a man in Buffalo,
 His name is MILLARD FILLMORE,
 Who thinks the *Union* fallen so low
 It ought to take one pill more,
 To purge away the "prejudice,"
 Which true men have for Freedom—
 A canting, pompous wretch he is,
 Who'll cheat you if you heed him;—
 Oh, Mill Fillmore, not another pill more!
 In our mouth,
 The quacking South,
 Ne'er shall put a pill more!

The *pill* you made us swallow last*
 Has wrenched our wretched stomach,—
 It calls to mind "the wintry blast,"
 And fills us with a dumb ache;
 The "*Russian Salve*" of knout and whip
 Our free-born stomach turns, oh!
 And—though 'tis advertised cure—
 It worse than killed our BURNS,† oh!
 Oh! FILL PILLMORE, not another *mil more*!
 Fifty thousand‡
 Paid for BURNS!
 Not another *mil more*!

We thought we'd heave our bowels up,
 And that our hearts would follow,
 When the mother§ cut her baby's throat
 Lest it the *pill* should swallow;
 Though murder is an ugly word,
 'Tis one we cannot smother!
 You did not use the butcher knife,
 But you drove mad the mother!
 No! MILL FILLMORE! never shall you kill more!
 Though the bloodhounds
 Yell for blood—
 Still for blood, and *still more*!

Abroad you passed for "President,"||
 Though but "a *Vice of Office*"—

* "The pill you made us swallow last." The fugitive slave

† "It worse than killed our Burns, oh!" Anthony Burns, the fugitive last seized at Boston. It was in this case Judge Loring named himself to immortal infamy.

‡ "Fifty thousand." The costs of the United States Marshal the Burns case nearly reached this sum. The suspension of business in Boston could not be compensated by treble the amount.

§ "When the mother cut her baby's throat." A mother—a slave—a fugitive pronounced her opinion of "the institution" by cutting her baby's throat in Cincinnati, rather than allow the infant to be reared under its blasting influences, and for its bestial ends.

|| Abroad you passed for "President." He styled himself

A sudden scourge upon us sent,
 As if the gods would scoff us!
 Go back to your attorney den,
 There find congenial HAVEN!*

A Rocky Mountain *Eagle*, we
 Prefer to "the obscene raven."
 Aye, Mill Fillmore! never shall you kill more
 By Freedom's name!
 By Fremont's fame!

We loathe your doughface, FILLMORE!

"Ex-President of the United States." Now, a man can never be an Ex-Anything, until he has first been the Anything; and PILL KILLMORE never *was* "President"—his title, therefore, is a usurpation and a lie. The Constitution does not say that on the death of a President, the Vice-President shall *become* President; it says that in case of the President's "removal, death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, *the same* (i. e. THE DUTIES) *shall devolve on the Vice-President.*" The "Vice" is still retained. If PIERCE went mad (as monstrous criminals very frequently do,) would RUFUS KING if alive, be entitled to usurp the title? Not a bit of it: PIERCE would be President (in a strait-jacket) until his term expired; and that a strait-jacket would have long since been of service to him who can doubt? Your *known lunatic* can be taken care of and pitied; it is the lunatics not legally proclaimed such, (no reflection on PIERCE, for the world!) who do the mischief. FILL KILLMORE never was President—therefore, never could be Ex-President—therefore, his assumption of the title "Ex-PRES." must be a compliment to EZEKIEL BROOKS of the *Express* newspaper. The Chaplain holds next rank to the Captain on board ship. If the Captain gets drunk, or goes mad, or has the bowel complaint so wretchedly as to be unable "to discharge the powers and duties of his office, (*vide Constitution passim*), or dies,—will the jolly clergyman, as next in rank, be justified forever after in calling himself Ex-Captain of the Thunderbolt? With the mate the analogy would *seem* more parallel; but would not be a whit more so in fact. The difference between a Tom Cat and a pound of butter is not greater than between a President elected as such by the people, and a Vice-President accidentally called to discharge the President's duties.

Our friend HORACE DRESSER wrote a very able essay on this point; and Silver-Gray MILL FILL might as well call himself, or allow his toadies to call him (for the wretchedest of men can find toadies still more wretched,) "Ex-Emperor of Japan," a place for which his *Exclusiveness* would fit him admirably, as Ex-President of the United States.

* "There find congenial HAVEN!" PILL FILLMORE's doughface law-partner is a creature named HAVEN.

A Fourth of July Ode for the Freemen of Fifty-Six.

AIR—*Scots wha hae,*

I.

MEN! whose sires have bled to be
 Either clods of clay, or free,
 Guard the priceless liberty,
 Won by blood and toil.

Slavers gag the Northern lip;
 Truth is met by knife and whip;
 Dare you tamely see them strip
 Freedom of her soil!

II.

If ye turn to Plymouth Rock
 As the fountain of your stock,
 Round the flag of Freedom flock—
 Lift your banner high!

By the Cross and Crown of Thorn!
 If of free sires ye were born,
Slavery's mandate ye will scorn—
 Slavery's power defy!

III.

Lawrence now in ashes lies,
 Blood from countless victims cries,
SUMNER bleeds before our eyes—
 BROOKS has not been hung!

Vain are words with brutes to cope—
 Vain the eloquent flower and trope,
 Where they answer with a rope
 Freedom's glowing tongue!

IV.

Tame compliance even fails
When a barbarous foe assails ;
Truth, till weaponed, ne'er prevails !
Arm, and then command !

Up! for FREMONT and *Free Soil!*
Face the music of the broil!
Curs with crusts you only spoil—
Blows they understand!

The White House Race.

AIR—"Camptown Races."

THERE'S an old Gray Horse whose name is Buck,
Du da, du da;
HIS dam was Folly and his sire Bad Luck,
Du da, du da, day.

Chorus—We're bound to work all night,
We're bound to work' all day;
I'll bet my money on the Mustang Col
Will anybody bet on the Gray?

The Mustang Colt is strong and young,
Du da, du da;
His wind is sound and his knees not sprung,
Du da, du da, day.

Chorus—We're bound to, &c.

The old Gray Horse is a well-known hack,
Du da, du da ;
He's long been fed at the public rack,
Du da, du da, day.

Chorus—We're bound to, &c.

The Dirge of the Doughface.

AIR.—*Ben Bolt.*

A song to be learned before November next, as it will then be extensively needed.

I.

Don't you remember the "Doughface," Tom Snooks,
The Doughface who lived on the "spoil,"
How he grinned like a clam at the prospect of
place,"

And groaned at the prospect of toil?
In "the limbo of lost politicians," Tom Snooks,
In the cussedest black hole we could fix,
Wrapped up in his winding sheet, an old flag,
We "dumped" him in famed *Fifty-six*.

II.

They said that the "*Union*" was sick, Tom Snooks,
They told us the Union was ill,
And they swore, if we'd swallow either FILLMORE or
Buck,

It would act like a *Holloway's pill*!
But the Union needed free air, Tom Snooks,
It needed *free soil* to grow,
And the FREE-MOUNTAIN air, linked with sweet JESSIE'S
care,
Soon caused it to blossom and blow!

III.

There's a change in the *White House*, now, Tom
Snooks,

The slave-whip resounds there no more,
Nor at night, from the "*Kitchen*" (as in FORNEY'S
time) is heard,
The beastialized oligarch's roar:

Sweet JESSIE presides there now, Tom Snooks,
 Pretension and pride she doth snub,
Worth is passport to her grace, come and show your
 honest face
Tom Snooks, of the *FREMONT Club*!

The Exodus.

To take place on the evening of next 3d of March.

AIR.—*The Soldier's Tear.*

UPON his horse he turned, and gazed with eyeballs
 dim,
 On the *White House* which our foolish faith en-
 trusted once to him;
 Another scene arose, our welcome loud and glad—
 He took a pull at his brandy flask, for he felt "on-
 common bad."

Behind the *White House* now, in hideous background
 rise,
 The flames of burning *Lawrence* along the pitying
 skies;
 He cursed it as the fruit of his ambition mad—
 A good, long pull at the old stone jar! for he felt
 "oncommon bad."

From *Concord* he had come, to *Concord* he goes back,
 But fraud, and *discord*, sword and fire are beacons of
 his track;
 By millions girt he came—he returns alone and sad!
 Another pull at the fiery drench!—the brandy isn't
 bad!

"I sold my soul," he sighed, "became a thing ab-
 horred
 To please the *Southron's* lust and pride, and this is
 my reward!

Truth pays us best at last, *Hell's* wages are but sad!"
With a shaky hand he raised the flask, for he still felt
"mighty bad!"

Were I to *Freedom* true, a home I might never want;
The *White House* lease they would renew, but now
'tis for FREMONT;
Curse on the face of dough! Heavens, what a chance
I had!
He reeled on his horse as he finished the flask—I
guess he *did* feel bad!

Next morning he was found with his toes turned up
to the skies,
A "dead politician" don't look good in honest per-
son's eyes;
But don't think he was dead! He awoke, no longer
mad,
Repented, joined the *Free Soil* cause, and—never more
"felt bad!"

How the South Overreached Itself.

A PLAIN TALE PLAINLY TOLD.

AIR.—*Once upon a Midnight Dreary.**

ONCE (like one upon awaking
From a long debauch, and taking
Note of how his head is aching,
And his cash appears no more,)

* POE's immortal "*Raven*" has been set to music by S. Be-
man. It may be found in "The Singer's Companion," published
by Stringer & Townsend, of 222 Broadway. The Companion is
the best collection of songs, arranged for voice, flute, violin, and
piano we have yet seen.

Did the *South*, subdued and quiet,
Thinking of the Kansas riot
Ask what madness made her try it—
Try to rough-shod ride us o'er—
Try to have her cake and eat it?
Some one whistled through the door,
"Tyrants ever clutch at more!"

Ah! distinctly we remember,
'Twas in Fifty Four's November,
Each insatiate Doughface member
Cringed and whined around her door,
To the next Election turning,
At the hoodwinked *Free States* spurning,
Every one of them was burning
New abysses to explore—
Novel depths of degradation
For her favor to explore—
Then the fiend said—"Clutch at more?"

Stealthily the thought advances,
Hungrier grew her lawless glances;
True! the *North* had purchased *Kansas*
And had *paid its price before!*
But the *North* is easy cheating,
And those Doughface dogs, while eating
Freedom's bread, were heard repeating,
"If the *bond* you would ignore,
Bribe to favorable silence
Us, the guardians of the door—
Enter then, and clutch at more!"

Troubled by the sore temptation,
Shrinking from its degradation,
Long in greedy hesitation
From the plunder she forebore:
"Dogs!" she said, "whiche'er will do it,
Never shall have cause to rue it!
Then she wrote a bond and threw it
To the dogs around her door:

"President in Six and Fifty,"
 These the words her promise bore,*
 "Him who helps me clutch at more!"

Ah! the *North* at length was woken,
 Found its solemn compact broken,
 And this great crime seemed a token
 Of a thousand done before:
Freedom granted a search warrant,
 Downward swept the Northern torrent,
 And this infamy abhorrent
 Flinging wide suspicion's door,
 All the "spoil," before unheeded,
 Freedom forced her to restore—
 This she gained by clutching more!

For Fremont and Freedom,

AIR—*Rory O'More.*

"Had California been a Slave State," said Henry Wise, in a late speech, "a healthy negro would fetch from three to five thousand dollars at the mines." *And free white labor, he forgot to add, would be expelled from its share of the golden harvest.*

FOR FREMONT and DAYTON our votes shall be thrown;
 FOR FREMONT and *Freedom* our votes shall be thrown;
 Though the Doughfaces whinge and the "Oligarchs"
 groan,
 For our sweet JESSIE's husband our votes shall be
 thrown.

The broad *Eldorado*, the sweet "golden West,"
 To him owes the freedom with which it is blest;

* As might have been expected, of course, "the Devil's work men got the Devil's wage." The South dropped Pierce and Douglas like a couple of hot pokers at Cincinnati; and selected "Back" for no other reason on earth except that he could prove an *alibi* during the perpetration of the outrage which he has since endorsed.

"Five thousand apiece," HENRY WISE swears he'd
want,
"For his slaves at the mines," were it not for FRE
MONT.

For Fremont and Dayton, &c.

He has got a "back-bone" and a "will of his own,"
Across our fair *free soil* his shield shall be thrown—
And the "lords of the South" may strive vainly to
daunt

The "lord of thy bosom," sweet JESSIE FREMONT!
For Fremont and Dayton, &c.

Thy "horn" poor old Buck! it were vain to "exalt,"
You were born a *mean doughface*, so 'tis not your
fault.

Not a "Buck," but a "Buckler for freedom," we want,
So we turn to thy husband, dear JESSIE FREMONT!
Then for Fremont and Freedom, &c.

A poor "Broken-ridge" is poor Buck's only stay,
From the FREE-MOUNT-ain summits our free banners
play,
And the garland of freedom henceforth we will
twine
With the olive, the laurel, and sweet JESSIE-mine!
Aye! for Freedom and Fremont, &c.

The Song of Fifty-Six.

AIR—"Oh! hard times come again no more."

LET us pause in the record and count how many
years

The South has cracked its whip round our door,
And the hope that will sparkle most brightly through
our tears—

Oh! 'tis this—that the slave-reign is o'er!

'Tis the song—'tis the vow of all true men,
 For years Southern tyranny we bore,
 But the "compact" which fettered us, their
 own hands rent away,
 We are free! and the slave reign is o'er!

Let them rave of "Disunion," when we simply ask
 our rights,
 We have heard all that nonsense before;
 What they ask for their *whipped niggers*, we require
 for our *free whites*,
 And the slave-power encroaches no more.
 'Tis the song—'tis the vow, &c.

There are millions of acres of free and virgin soil—
 In *Kansas* they have drenched them with gore—
 Shall these acres be devoted to the *black* or *white*
 man's toil?
 If to *us*! then the slave-reign is o'er.
 'Tis the song—'tis the vow, &c.

Gallant FREMONT to freedom our faithful "guide"
 shall be,
 Free white men shall be sacrificed no more—
 And we'll put another DATE-ON "the compact of
 the free"
 When the reign of the "oligarchs" is o'er!
 'Tis the song—'tis the vow of all true men,—
 For years Southern mastership we bore,
 But the "Compromise" which bound us, their
 own hands tore away,—
 We are free! and the slave reign is o'er!

Buck's Private Confession Publicly Revealed.

AIR—"Lucy Long."

"If I thought I had one drop of Democratic blood in my veins, I would open every one of them to eject it," said James Buchanan, some years ago. N. B. ~~At~~ At the time he said this, Federal Stock was a "paying concern," and "Buck" a staunch upholder thereof. Let not our working men forget his declaration anent their 'wages!'"

"Oh, if I thought that I had got
One drop of a Democrat's blood,
My jugular vein I'd rip in twain,
And spill *the filthy flood.*"

(Chorus of "Loafers")—Don't let that annoy you!
We say, old buffer, stop!
If they boiled you down in a
chandler's vat
They could n't raise a drop.

"I think those vile mechanics
Get ten times too much pay;
With a Federal screw I'd put them through
At just '*ten cents a day!*'"

(Chorus as before)—But don't let that alarm you,
We say, old squaretoes, stop!
By the lord! if you touch the
workman's wage,
The twig you'll have to hop.

"I don't believe in marriage—
A curse on 'wives and weans'—
I love myself too much to share
With them my pork and beans!"

(Chorus hilariously)—But don't let that alarm you,
A "cuckold" he was born,
And since he left his "Federal
wife,"
Oh hasn't she given him "*a
horn?*"

"No more I'm James Buchanan—
 I sold myself down South;
 Henceforth I'll do what my masters please,
 And speak what they put in my mouth!"
 (*Chorus solemnly*)—But don't let that alarm you,
 Forgive his slavish tone;
 Can you ask a man to stand up
 straight
 Who was "*born without a back-
 bone?*"

A Logical Deduction.

AIR—"The Tune the Old Cow Died of."

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE." Evil to him who thinks it.

"The analogy of language substantiates the rule and makes the proposition irrefutable."—*Preface to Webster's Dictionary.*

The nigger when he goes to shuck
 Our corn, we call a "shucker;"
 The bathing-men, who children duck
 We call them each a "ducker."

The man who with his fists will puck,
 (Like HYER,) we call a "pucker;"
 And he who rot-gut rum will suck
 That man we call a "sucker,"

The nigger hired to cart out muck,
 We christen him a "mucker;"
 And the doughface knave who votes for Buck,
 Must, therefore, be a "Bucker."

The Double-faced Janus.

BUCK PAYING HIS ADDRESSES.

*AIR.—Lucy Long.**To the North—*

HAD I been there to fight it,
 But you know *I wasn't there*;
 And if you want to right it
 Let me have Pierce's chair.

To the South—

I could not then endorse it,
 For you know *I wasn't there*;
 But if you would enforce it
 Let me have Pierce's chair.

To both—

I'm just the man to suit you,
 You see I wasn't there,
 And you have heard explicitly
 The views that I declare.

To the North—

For Kansas—Devil take 'em!
 Missouri was the price,
 Just vote for me and I'll make 'em
 Restore it in a trice.

To the South—

Ay, Kansas—Devil take 'em!
 You only got *one price*;
 If you vote for me I'll make 'em
 Plank down their *purchase twice*!

To both—

So I'm the man to suit you,
 You see I *wasn't there*;
 And you have heard explicitly
 The views that I declare.

Our Irish Fellow Citizens to Old Buck.

AIR.—*Kathleen Mavourneen.*

[The eccentricities of our Hibernian fellow-citizens are things to be admired. About two months ago their "organs" could find no epithets foul enough to apply to "the traitorous flunkey James Buchanan," in consequence of a speech made by "Old Buck" at the Lord Mayor's feast in London. Because, forsooth! he ignored "the wrongs of Ireland" in that speech, his name henceforth and forever was to be "*Maranatha*" to all true Milesians! Herbert, the murderer of Keating, held up his red right hand before the Cincinnati delegates, and they decided (the Milesian "howl" to the contrary notwithstanding,) that the blood of a "mere Irishman" was no blot. Herbert dropped his crimson ballot for "Buck," and "Buck's" name is at the top of all the Irish "organs!"]

OULD BUCKY, *mavourneen*! for you my heart's beating,
Your supple-kneed self is the Irishman's choice—
For the noble slave-driver who shot down poor
KEATING,

Oh! did *he* not honor your name wid his voice!
To praise the slave-drivers is what makes us proudest,
For we were "*born slaves*," as our orators say;
And whoever swears deepest and cracks the whip
loudest

The "*instinct of slavery*" bids us obey!
Yes! the instinct of slavery, OULD BUCK *Mavourneen*!
The instinct of slavery bids us obey!

Mavourneen! Mavourneen! the Irish are wid you,
Though lately we called you "fool, flunkey and
liar!"
Only do what our masters, the slave-drivers, bid you,
And *grind down the niggers*, is all we require!
Poor KEATING now lies in his grave deep and narrow,
His murderer's favor you humbly did court,—

But "what's bred in the bone will come out in the
marrow,"

And the *slave-driver's minion* we slaves will support!

Yes! the slave-driver's minion—that's *you*, Buck
Mavourneen!

The slave-driver's minion *we slaves will support!*

Most Miserable Consolation.

STOOL-PIGEON FORNEY TO JIM TENCENTS BUCK.

AIR—"Wind thy horn, my hunter boy."

LIFT thy horn, my poor old "Buck!"

Vainly now you gnash and sigh;

Yes; twere better had you stuck

Abroad—but who could then descry

The storm which was hid in "the cloudy coil,"

Enveloping FREMONT and free soil?

Pillalu! Pillalu!

Pillalu! Pillalu!

The "Rocky Mountains" bear a breed

Of *Eagles* tameless, swift and strong;

One swept our land with lightning speed

And cried—"Redress the wrong!"

'Twas *Freedom's* own electric voice,

And FREMONT was the people's choice.

Pillalu! Pillalu!

Pillalu! Pillalu!

If he were chosen, we loudly swore

We'd tear the *Union* into bits,—*

And when we made that threat before

It nearly threw them into fits;

* Vide Fillmore's Secession Speech at Albany.

But now the joke, too stale by half,
 Scarce won *the notice of a laugh!*

Pillalu! Pillalu!
 Pillalu! Pillalu!

I Dreamed in the White House that I was Installed.

AIR—"I Dreamed that I Dwelt in Marble Halls."

Sung with immense applause by the Doughface Doeless Buck, on board the steamboat "Misery," during her voyage up "Salt River."

I.

I DREAMED in the *White House* that I was installed
 With slave-drivers ranged at my side,
 And of all who might *Doughfaces* truly be called,
 That I was the patron and pride.*
 I had hung half a score of the chiefs of *Free Soil*
 On a gallows than *Haman's* more high,
 And had lowered to "*ten cents*" the day's wages of toil;
 But I woke, and 'twas all in my eye!

II.

I dreamed that "*Princesses*" sought my hand,
 Fair ladies my suit who had scorned,
 And it never occurred to that dear, noble band
 That their husbaud already was "*horned!*"
 And I dreamed I had blazoned those "*horns*" on the
 scroll,
 Which WASHINGTON lifted so high,
 When a loud shout for FREMONT struck fear to my
 soul—
 I awoke, and 'twas "*all in my eye!*"

* There are various readings of this line. Some say the word "*patron*" is plainly a misprint for "*pattern*"—the latter being more in consonance with "Buck's" well-known egotism and conceit.

What Miss Columbia did when she came of Age.

AIR—"Duncan Gray came here to Woo."

How she rejected the husband proposed by her cruel Guardians.

OLD Buchanan came to woo,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

And the Southron lords came with him too,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Loud they spoke, and fierce their eye—

"You must take this man or die!"

"Not just yet?" was her reply,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Then they strove to rouse her fears,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

"They had governed her for years,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

"If she did not take their man,

'Rule or ruin,' was their plan—"

Do the worst that do ye can!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

In your leading strings too long,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Heaven at length has made me strong,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

"Rank rebellion! dare you dream on't,

Die or wed the man that we want!"

I have fixed my heart on FREMONT,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

I have got a large estate,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

'Tis to Freemen consecrate,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

FREMONT shall my agent be,
 Pen, tongue, thought, and bodies free—
 Never more can you rule me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

First they threatened—then they coaxed—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 But I was not to be hoaxed,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 JESSIE, BENT on being free,
 Showed the proper course to me,
I'll have FREMONT spite of ye,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

A Candidate for Auction.

AS SUNG BY THE FILLMORE MEN OF PHILADELPHIA.

AIR.—“*Lucy Long?*”

Our candidate's for auction,
 We'll sell him rarely low—
 He's just come back from the “Holy See,”
 To be made a “holy show;”
 So now's your time to buy us,
 Let each his offer call—
 We'll sell him cheap, as we're short of cash,
 “Dark-lantern,” “grip,” and all.
 Who bids for MILLARD FILLMORE,
 Th' “*Ex-pres.*” is bound to go;
 He's just come back from the *Holy See*
 To be made “*a holy show.*”

By accident exalted
 To the presidential chair,
 He went abroad and blew his horn
 With a braggart flunkey's air;

He traversed the *Campagna*,
 And kiss'd the Pope's big toe,
 But he's not the man for our *campaign*,
 And so we'll sell him low.
 Who bids for MILLARD FILLMORE,
 The *Ex-pres.* sure but slow,
 Who has just returned from the *Holy See*
 To be made "*a holy show.*"

A mansion on the *Thames* had he,
 A castle on the *Maine*;
 He lived six weeks upon the *Spree*,
 For ten he was "*on-Seine.*"
 He had a sweet and fair retreat
 Where the *Rhine's* dark waters flow;
 He also had a well-kept seat
 Upon the quiet *Po*.
 So who will bid for FILLMORE,
 Fresh from the *Spree* and *Po*?
 We coaxed him back from the *Holy See*
 To make him "*a holy show!*"

Nursery Rhymes for Young America.

AIR.—"A Frog he would a Wooing Go, 'heigho,' says Rowley."

OLD BUCK he would a wooing go,
 Heigho! says FORNEY;
 Old BUCK he would a wooing go,
 But the difficult thing was to find a *Doe*,
 With a forney horney—so forth and so forth—
 Heigho! says "*stool-pigeon* FORNEY."

To Miss COLUMBIA straight he went
 Heigho! says FORNEY;

To Miss COLUMBIA straight he went,
 With a ravishing air, and a like intent,
 With his, &c.

Beautiful lady! your hand I'd win,
 Heigho! says FORNEY;
 Beautiful lady! your hand I'd win,
 So rise, I pray you, and let me in.
 With my, &c.

Your *guardians* did you to me engage,
 Heigho! says FORNEY;
 Your guardians did you to me engage—
 You may tell my "*guardians*" I've come of age.
 With my, &c.

Beautiful lady! you surely jest,
 Heigho! says FORNEY;
 Beautiful lady! you surely jest,
 For, if you will trust me, I'll do my best.
 With my, &c.

Slap in his teeth came a bucket of slops,
 Heigho! says FORNEY;
 Slap in his teeth came a bucket of slops,
 As he stood there licking his liquorish chops.
 With his, &c.

Bad is your best I greatly fear,
 "That's true," said FORNEY;
 With your "*Ostend conference*," wild and queer,
 You'll never get me to *buck-anecr*.
 With my, &c.

"That cussed GEORGE SANDERS!" gasped FORNEY.

FREMONT, I am his alone,
 "'Sakes alive!" says FORNEY;
 He wooed me on my loftiest throne,
 He has got a *warm heart* and a *stiff back-bone*.
 With his, &c.

Hunting the Buck.

AIR—"Some Love to Roam."

I.

WITH the same stale tricks,
 Some dry old sticks
 Of politicians toil;
 But we make our stand
 On this FRE-MONT land
 For freedom and free soil.
 Morn, noon, and night,
 We wage the fight,
 And merrily forth we go,
 To pull down the "*Buck*"
 With his "ten cent tuck,"
 And to rescue our milk white *Doe*:
 Ho! ho! ho! ho!—ho! ho! ho! ho!
 With the same stale tricks, &c.

II.

The *doughface* dark
 In his den we mark,
 As he greedily munches the "spoil;"
 He quakes to hear
 Our "*slogan*" near—
 "*Free tongue! free pen! free soil!*"
 With a heart of stone,
 And no "backbone,"
 And for "ten cents a day"—heigho!
 That maimed and battered "*Buck*"
 A bargain would have struck
 With the *South* for our milk white *Doc*!
 Ho! ho! ho! ho!—ho! ho! ho! ho!
 With the same stale tricks, &c.

Richmond's Song for the Times.

Sung in Howard Hall, Providence, R. I., Thursday Evening,
June 12th, 1856.

THE old Bay State sends up her sons,
By Narragansett's waters,
To stand by Rhody's moral guns,
And help her boys and daughters;
A Northern League! Lo! danger braves,
We all can die! we can't be slaves!

Now, Massachusetts, hand in hand,
And shoulder braced to shoulder,
The father-heroes of the land,
No whit than you were bolder;
Old Bunker Hill! we'll think of you,
As they, when British tea was new.

Shoulder to shoulder! Rhody stand!
No matter if they're taller!
Big bridegrooms like a little hand,
And often mate the smaller;
Our little ladies love tall men,
And they love little wives again!

So stand, dear Rhody, never fear,
Though small you be, you're spunky;
Who thinks to curb thy Liberty,
Will doubtless prove a flunkey!
You cried—then joined the dozen States—
"I'm small—don't swallow me, great mates!"

Call in, now, all New England's brains,
Green Mountain and the Granite!
Old Steady Habits—"Border" Maines,
Without the "Ruffians" in it!
One party—TRUTH—shall guide our toil,
Slave-power, avaunt from Freedom's Soil!

Come one, come all now, Freedom's States,
 And face the *Common Danger*!
 Leave all your bickerings and debates,
 "Subdue" this monster stranger!
 Our Watchword! East! and West! and North!
This Slave-power Satan, cast him forth!

A Dough-lorous Ditty.

AIR—"The Sea! the Sea! the Open Sea!"

THE dough! the dough! the facial dough!
 The nose that yields when you tweak it so—
 That yields when you tweak it so!
 Without a frown, without a kick,
 The hand that smites it turns to lick;
 It sighs for the spoils—it sells its soul
 For a spoonful of "pap" from the Treasury bowl,
 If the slave-drivers give it one dip at that bowl.

We're down on dough! We're down on dough!
 We *are* and we *ought to have been* long ago—
 We ought to have been long ago!
 Would the *South* have dared on *Kansas* seize
 If we hadn't let Doughfaces do what they please?
 Would our logic be met with the bludgeon and blow
 If the *North* had a proper abhorrence of dough,
 If the *North* had shown *always* its horror of dough?

Our Land's a *Doe*! Our Land's a *Doe*!
 Over which an old "Buck" is attempting to throw,
 His reins is attempting to throw!
 Without a spark of force or fire,
 And backed by nothing but lewd desire,
 The gray-haired cripple attempts to throw
 His reins o'er the back of our milk-white *Doe*,
 Over the back of our *Kansas Doe*!

The Battle Cry.

BY W. I. STILLMAN.

(From the *N. Y. Evening Post*.)

A SLEEPLESS host for battle burning,
We had united through the night,
To the East impatient turning
For some promise of the light.
Round us the mists drifted,
High were all hearts lifted,
Prayers were to heav'n wafted—
Prayers for Freedom.

Heroes chafed at forced inaction,
Hearts grew sick with hope deferred;
Leaderless, made weak by faction,
Now despairing, now hope-stirred.
Resolute still were we
There to win victory,
Or our last fight to see—
Fighting for Freedom.

But at length the red light streaming,
Driving mists and gloom away,
Showed the hostile armor gleaming
All around our weak array.
Many to one were they,
But we felt no dismay,
"Truth fights with us to-day—
Truth strikes for Freedom."

"Give us now," we said, "a captain,"
Some true man to lead the fight;
One whom *Nature* made a chieftain,
Strong of hand and quick of sight,
Give us some battle cry,
Some word to conquer by,
Or, shouting, now to die—
Fighting for Freedom."

A name of worth the desert sent us—

FREMONT, young, and brave, and true ;

And Romance all her jewels lent us

To set it on our banners blue.

Now to the battle set !

Now let the foe be met !

Never that cry forget—

“FREMONT AND FREEDOM.”

The Political Pastry.

A CRUSTY JOKE DONE BROWN.

AIR—“*The Minstrel Boy.*”

THE battered “Buck” to the dogs has gone,

In the dirtiest holes you’ll find him—

A shame-proof shield he has buck-led on,

And his shirt hangs out behind him !

“Ten good cents” in his shirt he did roll

You see there the knot with a pin in ;

’Twas the kicking of the *South* which caused the hole

Which exposes his freely-soiled linen !

When the *Titans* fell, the angry gods

’Neath “Rocky Mountains” jammed them ;

And earthquakes rose, from their giant throes

To escape—though Heaven had damned them !

But Buck’s well known to have no “backbone,”

And to kick was never hasty :

Let’s bury him in dough (that he once loved so!) ;

And he’ll make a *venison pasty* !

The pie was baked, the guests did start,

For a rush of foul air rises ;

We found a *stone* which had been his *heart*,

And a *bundle of “Compromises !”*

And this was all of BUCK we could find.

With “gas” he had been loaded

And proved but a bag of filthy wind

Which FREMONT’s touch exploded.

"Give 'Em Jessie and Fremont."

AIR—"Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane."

(From the *N. Y. Evening Mirror*.)

THE sun rises glorious on "Sam's" rocky mountains!
 It set long in gloom on a Nation of slaves!
 But FREMONT has freed California's fountains,
 And Slavery dies where sweet JESSIE's hand waves!
 How dear to each heart is the kind, noble Fremont,
 Through whom all made, daily, *ten dollars*, to spark!
 But "*ten cents a day*," though? O, Jemmy! they'll
 dream on't,
 And vote for kind JESSIE, our new *Joan of Arc*!
 Our Fremont's sweet Jessie—
 Our fair White-house Jessie—
 And so "*give 'em Jessie*!"—a Free 'mon'(t) to
 spark!

II.

When tyranny caused our forefathers' uprising,
 The North and the South joined their hearts and
 their hands!
 And now when Disunion our land is surprising,
 Brave Fremont and Jessie shall wed all our bands!
 Our Eagles are screaming!—our banners are waving!
 "*Free speech! a free press! with free men!*" and
 Fremont!
 Our flag! *it is there*!—our dear country still saving!
 And Liberty's sun will forever beam on't!
 With Fremont and Jessie, our
 Kind Heaven will bless ye,
 Hurrah! then for Jessie, the bride of Fremont!

III.

'Mid snows and volcanoes, 'mid loud thunder's rattle
 Sweet Jessie would pray for her darling young
 Johnnie!

So when Freedom's hosts 'gainst their tyrants shall
 battle,
 The star of young Jessie will shine bright and
 bonnie!
 Like Joan of Arc, should our men (?) ever falter,
 She'll dash through the ranks with her bright
 glowing crest
 And Free-men she surely will bring to the altar,—
 (not halter.)
 More power than Victoria!—more wise and more
 blest!

Is sweet Yankee Jessie,
 Tom Benton's sweet Jessie,
 Our lovely young Jessie, the "*Queen of the West*!"

IV.

To free bleeding *Kansas* is our Jessie *Bent-on*,
 To bind up the hearts broke by Slavery's curse!
 To Washington let our good Jessie be sent on,
 The pride of our Freemen! sweet Liberty's nurse!
 Three cheers for our Jessie!—*nine* cheers for the
 Union!

The Goddess of Liberty cheers up the night!
 Let North and South flourish for aye in communion—
 But we'll "*give 'em Jessie*"—and *God* give us right!
 Hurrah! for brave Jessie,
 Our Nation's Pride, Jessie!
 With FREMONT and JESSIE we'll sure win the fight!

The Last Patriot.

TUNE—"The Last Rose of Summer."

'Tis the last "straight out" Patriot,
 Left mourning alone,
 All his "old line" companions
 Have bolted and gone!

E'en Fillmore has left him,
 To herd with the foe,
 And the N. Y. Commercial
 Is ready to go!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 For fogs to deride—
 If the "Union" won't save thee
 Why then—"let it slide!"
 Thus kindly I make
 Thy political bed,
 Where scores of thy comrades
 Lie withered and dead!

Thus soon must thou follow
 Thy old *doughface* friends,
 Whose vertebral columns
 Were weak at both ends.
 The long day of Summer
 Will see them decay,
 And the winds of November
 Will sweep them away!

A Campaign Song.

AIR—"Oh! What has Caused this Great Commotion?"
 (From the *Boston Atlas*.)

I.

WHAT has caused this great commotion, motion, mo-
 tion,
 The country through?
 It is the ball a rolling on
 For Col. Fremont and Dayton too,
 For Col. Fremont and Dayton too,
 And with them we'll beat old Buchan!
 We should, we will and can—
 And with them we'll beat old Buchan!

II.

Fremont first raised the American flag, flag, flag;
 On the Pacific coast,
 And "engineered" free mining there,
 While our Dayton was in the Senate true—
 Then hurrah for Fremont and Dayton too,
 And with them we'll beat old Buchan!
 We should, we will and can—
 And with them we'll beat old Buchan!

III.

We'll make a way for Kansas free, free, free,
 To join the States,
 And this we mean to put right through,
 By choosing Fremont, and Dayton too,
 By choosing Fremont, and Dayton too,
 And with them we'll beat old Buchan!
 We should, we will and can—
 And with them we'll beat old Buchan!

IV.

At last it's found there is a North, North, North,
 Who'll right her wrongs,
 And carry Freedom o'er the West,
 With Col. Fremont and Dayton too,
 With Col. Fremont and Dayton too,
 And with them we'll beat old Buchan!
 We should, we will and can—
 And with them we'll beat old Buchan!

V.

Yes, rout the whole gang, from Douglas to Brooks,
 Brooks, Brooks,
 Who'd "subdue" with canes;
 And this is our ticket to do it,—
 Fremont for President, Dayton for Vee!
 They'll accomplish the job in a trice,

And with them we'll beat old Buchan!
We can, we can, we can—
And with them we'll beat old Buchan!

Ode to Freedom.

AIR—“*Scots wha hae.*”

BY S. R. HEMENWAY.

I.

FREEMEN of the North awake!
Grasp your arms, your all's at stake!
Vows once more to Freedom make—
On to Victory!

II.

Spirits of our sainted sires?
Kindle Freedom's hallowed fires!
FREMONT's name our zeal inspires,
Down with Slavery!

III.

Onward! on—to meet the foe,
Lay the “Border Ruffians” low!
Freemen's blood shall freely flow,
E'er we bend the knee.

IV.

By our honor'd FREMONT's name!
By our sons in Kansas slain!
By the dearest rights we claim!
Strike for LIBERTY!

Fremont's the Choice of the Nation.

Sung first at the Brooklyn Ratification Meeting.

OH! Fremont's the choice of the nation—
The pride of the fearless and free!
We'll drink to his health and his station,
Though Fillmore has come o'er the sea.
His heart beats for freedom, remaining
On the soil where our liberty grew—
He's for our pioneers sustaining
The free flag—the red, white and blue.

There are lands where millions are yearning
For freedom from tyranny's chain,
Though to Kansas our efforts are turning
To keep her from slavery's stain,
And Fremont he stands with devotion,
And swears to the Union he's true;
He crosses o'er mountain to ocean,
And plants there the red, white and blue.

No sectional bands e'er shall sever
The Union our forefathers wrought;
The Union, forever and ever!
Unsullied, unstained and unbought,
Is the watchword from Fremont we borrow,
And he stands by his promise so true;
Then who will their leader not follow,
When he bears the red, white and blue?

Our voices are joined, then, for Union;
The stars and the stripes are above;
Huzza, all! for Fremont and Dayton!
Huzza for the man that we love!
The old Union ship, when well guided,
Will be found that her timbers are true,
And soon will the storm have subsided
That threatened the red, white and blue.

Appeal to Freemen.

BY F. A. PARMENTER.

Rise! oh, Freemen, from your slumbers! W
 Rise, and be ye wide awake!
 Go ye forth in gallant numbers,
 For your freedom is at stake!
 Let your votes in next November
 Be the answers that ye send!
 Glorious ones they'll be to render!
 Lustre to your names they'll lend.

Chorus:
 Hail, then, FREMONT! Known in story
 Is thy gallant, glorious name!
 Though other hands are red and gory,
 Thine have paved thy path to fame.

II.
 Rise! then, oh ye hardy freemen,
 Brave ones of the noble North!
 And drive back the cursed demon,
 Slavery, from our land henceforth!
 Oh, how sweet your hearty cheering
 Is unto each freeman's ear!
 'Twill send terror to the fearing—
 Fill their hearts with greater fear.

Chorus:
 Hail, then, FREMONT! Known in story
 Is thy gallant, glorious name!
 Though other hands are red and gory,
 Thine have paved thy path to fame.

"Give 'em Jessie."

A VOLUNTEER SONG.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

I STARTED out with the Buckaneers
To join the amazin' doin's;
The firing crackers and the guns,
The yellings and boohooings.
Then fire away, my gallant lads,
And Freedom's sons will bless ye,
And if old Buck don't clear the track
FREMONT will "give him Jessie."

This song I heard on every breeze
That came a swelling o'er us,
'Twas sung by voices strong and loud,
And this was all the chorus,
Then fire away, &c.

It made Buck rear and prance about
Like Dobbin at a training,
Or like a Yankee when he heard
Of Mister Sumner's caning.
Then fire away, &c.

Between me and the Buckaneers
There was a dissolution;
I joined the brave and true around
Our noble Constitution.
Then fire away, &c.

They prated then with boohoos loud,
About the Union breaking;
I wonder how Old Buck can save
What he ne'er was after making!
Then fire away, &c.

Away with old Buchanan, then,
 The worn-out politician,
 For Young America's free choice
 Shall rule this mighty nation.
 Then fire away, &c.

And Freedom's star shall brightly shine,
 And Plenty's horn shall bless ye,
 When in the White House we enshrine
 FREMONT and gentle Jessie.
 Then fire away, &c.

Freedom.

FREE soil, free men,
 Free speech, free pen,
 Freedom from slavery's thrall;
 Free North, free East,
 Free South, Free West,
 Freedom for one and all!
 Free ports, free seas,
 Free ships, free breeze,
 Free homesteads for the people;
 Free bells on every steeple,
 Free pulpits and free preachers;
 (Three cheers for all the BEECHERS;)
 Freedom from Southern rooks;
 Freedom from Southern "Brooks;"
 Free schools, free books;
 Freedom to worship God.
 Freedom to read His Word;
 Freedom's star-spangled banners
 Waving o'er gallant Kansas;
 Freedom from Border Smugglers,
 (Three Groans for Pierée and Douglas!)
 Freemen to bear the battle-brunt,
 And, rushing to the battle-front,
 Freedom and FREMONT!

New York Evening Post.

Fremont.

The following originally appeared in the *National Era*, published at Washington, D. C.,—one of the noblest and most brilliant advocates of freedom to be found in any age or country. It needs no other recommendation than the announcement that John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, is one of its editors.

ALL hail to Fremont! Swell the lofty acclaim,
Like winds from the mountains, like prairies aflame!
Once more the pathfinder is forth on his hunt,
Clear the way for Free Soil, for Free Men and Fremont!

We'll spurn every fetter, we'll break every rod,
And Kansas shall bloom like the Garden of God,
When we plant the white banner of Freedom upon't,
And cry, "To the rescue, Free men and Fremont!"

Oh! the land that we love shall be sacred from slaves,
From the tyrant's misrule and the plunder of knaves;
We'll baptize the Union in Liberty's font,
And the faith of our fathers shall live with Fremont!

Go, brave mountain climber, lead on in the path
Where the people shall sweep in the storm of their
wrath.
Who shall hinder their triumph, if God so appoint?
Who stay the bold march of Free men and Fremont.

Then East, West and North, swell the lofty acclaim
Like winds from the mountains, like prairies aflame!
Clear the way, the Pathfinder moves on in our front,
And our hearts shall keep time to the march of Fremont!

Freemont and Liberty.

BY JOSEPH GUTMAN, JR.

These spirited lines originally appeared in the *New York Evening Post*.

I.

From California's golden land,
To where the Atlantic's waves
Dash foamingly against the strand,
Made holy by our father's graves—
The joyous chorus shall resound,
Be heard from sea to sea,
Till echo catch the stirring sound,
Freemont and Liberty!

Then raise the gladsome hymn,
The song of the great and free,
Send forth the holy watchword,
Freemont and Liberty!

II.

Sons of Freedom awake! arise!
Unfurl your banner proud,
Let it fearlessly float against the skies—
And raise the joyful pæan loud—
Shout forth the blest prophetic strain,
Columbia shall be free;
Let the word go forth from main to main,
Freemont and Liberty!

Then raise the gladsome hymn,
The song of the great and free,
Send forth the holy watchword,
Freemont and Liberty!

III.

Au recousse! Freemont! to the rescue!
And Dayton, of patriot fame,

What heart so dead to Liberty's voice
 As not to be roused at the name?
 Ay! ever through Freedom's coming fight
 Our battle-cry shall be
 Those names of o'erwhelming, all-conquering might,
 Fremont and Liberty!
 Then raise the gladsome hymn,
 The song of the great and free,
 Send forth the holy watchword,
 Fremont and Liberty!

The Great F. F.'s of Old Virginia.

Dedicated to D. S. Dickinson.

"I say that James Buchanan is the candidate of the South, but he is more especially the candidate of Virginia."—*Henry A. Wise*. "I wish I had been born in Virginia."—*Dan. S. Dickinson*.

AIR—"Carry me back to Old Virginny."

THE great "F. F.'s" of old Virginny,
 I envy them night and day,
 For making a dough-face President
 With them 'tis only play.
 But I'm a wretched Northern serf,
 I can't do any more
 Than worship the lords of old Virginny,
 On old Virginny's shore.

The great "F. F.'s" are nobly born,
 A whip each baby waves;
 Our base mechanics they hold in scorn—
 They are but *whiter slaves*!
 They raise their cash by chain and lash,
 And trade and toil ignore.
 Why wasn't I born in old Virginny,
 On old Virginny's shore?

But don't think they are idle, though
 They neither hoe nor rake,
 For half the "*stock*" on the "*auction block*"
 The SELLERS HELPED TO MAKE!
 'Tis the only work the great "F. F.'s"
 Don't think "a tedious bore"—
 Why wasn't I born in old Virginny,
 On old Virginny's shore?

The March of Freedom.

AIR—*Old Dan Tucker.*

THE cry grows loud and louder still,
 Like light it springs from hill to hill—
 Down from the *Rocky Mountain* leaps,
 And through the peopled valley sweeps.
 Out of the way, OLD BUCHANAN!
 For we have put an honest man on!
 Out of the way each wriggling *doughface*,
 Freedom's ear will knock you "no place!"

The millions heard the thrilling cry,
 It warmed the blood, it fired the eye:
 "Free speech, free pen, free soil want we—
 And FREMONT to lead to victory!"
 Out of the way, &c.

"We lost our way in Slavery's night,
 So black we scarce knew wrong from right,—
 We toiled through sloughs of pain and shame
 Before the *Mountain Hero* came!"
 Then, out of the way, &c.

"But now! on Freedom's broad highway
 No power our onward march can stay;
 As well to stop *Niagara* toil—
 As FREMONT! DAYTON! and *Free Soil*!"
 So, out of the way, &c.

The Four Years' Race.TUNE—" *Few Days.*"From the *N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE four years' race is to be run,

In a few days, a few days,

By Slavery's *hack* it can't be won,

Oh! take "Buck" home.

"Buck's" wind was hurt on the Federal track,

In his young days, his young days,

And Slavery's load has strained his back,

Oh! take him home.

For Freedom's colt is training,

For a few days, a few days,

He'll run without spur or reining,

Oh! take "Buck" home.

"Old Buck" has fed at the public rack

So many days, so many days,

When he ought to *trot* he's sure to *rack*,

Oh! take him home,

A *hack* that's fed on fed'ral oats

Will find too late, find too late,

It ain't the *fit* for winning votes,

Oh! take him home.

For Freedom's colt is training, &c.

'Tis cruel to run so old a *hack*,

In a few days, in a few days;

His shoes are loose, no spine in his back,

Oh! take "Buck" home.

Our Free Mountain colt will win the field,

In a few days, a few days,

And Slavery's minions will have to yield,

O! take them home.

For we've a colt in training, &c.

Next November when we get the news,

In a few days, a few days,

Take away his grain, pull off his shoes,

And send him home.

Poor old *hack*, we'll send him to *grass*
 In a few days, a few days,
 On a Michigan prairie with old Cass,
 Oh! take him home.
 For we've a colt in training, &c.

A bachelor President was ne'er seen yet
 In our days, in our days,
 And what is more, won't be, I'll bet,
 For he's going home.
 Such a *one-horse team* would look forlorn,
 In our days, in our days,
 We'll give him "*JESSIE*" as sure he's born—
 Oh! do take him home.
 For we've a colt in training, &c.

Uncle Buck, or the Living Automaton.

AIR—"Uncle Ned."

I ONCE knew a doughface, and his name was Uncle
 "Buck,"

 I knew him long ago—long ago;
 He had no blood in the whole of his veins—
 The place where the blood ought to flow!

Chorus:

'Twas like ditch water, oh!
 Black, and sluggish, and slow—
 Not a single drop of good red blood
 In the place where the blood ought to flow.

He crawled along like a snake in the brake,
 No vertebral column had he;
 But he had, *my eyes!*—oh, hadn't he got
 Big hinges to his knee?

Chorus:

The South had oiled them so,
 At a touch, *kerslap!* they would go—
 But he had no red blood in his veins,
 In the place where the blood ought to flow

One cold "November" this old "Buck" caught
 Such a cold from a "Rocky Mountain" breeze,
 That his spinal chord became as hard as a bone,
 And as stiff as death his knees!*

Chorus:

After that, 'twas all "no go"
 For the South to oil them so;
 When it didn't *pay* to bend he stood "right
 sides up on end,"
 And his blood began to flow.*

The Laboring Man's Song.

AIR—"Widow Machree."

JEMMY, Oh Jemmy! how altered you've grown,
Och hone! Jemmy Machree!
 In that democrat coat you would hardly be known,
Och hone! Jemmy Machree!
 You once swore you'd drain
 Every art'ry and vein
 If you thought such a stain
 In you'r gizzard could be—
 If you thought there did hide
 Of democracy's tide
One drop! Jemmy Machree!

Jemmy, Oh Jemmy! the good days have flown,
Och hone! Jemmy Machree!
 Since as "grimmet of Federal Whigs" you were
 known,
Och hone! Jemmy Machree!

*The conversion of Buchanan to the free soil cause—here
 dimly intimated—is a thing to be more prayed for than ex-
 pected. Still, he quitted federalism when he found it didn't
 pay: perhaps he will do ditto to democracy when he finds it in
 a like condition.

It was then you did say
 You thought "*ten cents*" a day
 Would be ample to pay
 As the *working man's fee*!
 You may bluster and shout,
 But you can't rub it ont,
 "*Ten cents*," Jemmy Machree!

In your heart (if you *have* one!) the workmen you
 hate,
Och hone! Jemmy Machree!
 Though you try to pretend you have joined them of
 late,
Och hone! Jemmy Machree!
 'Tis for this you'd explode
 The Pacific Railroad,
 Which would sure have bestowed
 Work on millions of *free*!
 But *slave-labor* to please
 Upon Cuba you'd seize—
Och hone! Jemmy Machree!

The Slave-Driver's Monody.

AIR—"Old Dog Tray."

Our day of power is past,
 The reckoning comes at last,
 We played too high a game and have lost our luck:
 There's but one chance remains
 To hold the North in chains—
 We may beat them with our old dog "Buck,"
 "Buck" isn't over faithful,
 His "Federal Flag" he struck—
 But his face is made of "dough," and we challenge
 earth to show
 A more *back-boneless dog* than "Buck!"

The North has changed its tone,
 It now demands *its own* !
 Too heavy and too hard, it seems, we struck ;
 We must "sheath our claws" awhile,
 And hide our tiger-smile
 Behind the battered horns of "Buck !"
 "Buck" will be ever faithful
 While "Treasury Pap" he can suck—
 His face is made of "dough," and the wide world
 cannot show
 A more back-boneless dog than "Buck."

Mill. Fillmore goes too fast,
 The cloak aside he cast,
 When he said we both would, and ought to rebel,
 If Freemen chose FREMONT !*
 (Though it may be what we want,
 And mean to do, 'twas foolish to tell.)
 "Buck's" more discreet and faithful,
 A lie in his throat never stuck—
 And can all creation show a face of softer "dough,"
 Or a more back-boneless dog than "Buck !"

Heads We Win—Tails You Lose.

AIR—"Dearest May."

The delightful game suggested by Millard Fillmore to the South,
 in his celebrated Albany Speech.
 Now, Freemen hear and mark me, sit down and I'll
 relate
 The treason that was uttered by a Doughface Candi-
 date :
 He plumply says, before hand, that the *South* should
 not obey
 If FREMONT be the *People's Choice* on next November's
 day !

* *Vide* Fillmore's Albany speech *passim*.

CHORUS—

Think, Freemen all! these sentiments recall,
When Fillmore tries to blind your eyes
To the *fact of Southern thrall!*

In other words—he says the South should “let the
Union slide,”
The moment we no more agree to bow before its
pride;
For years, and years, the North has borne the Slaver’s
sway alone—
“All this,” says Fillmore, “goes for naught, if *once* we
ask our own!”

CHORUS—Think, Freemen all! &c.

’Tis he suggests the treason—he claps them on the
back,
And swears “they must be mad or fools to take a dif-
ferent track!”
The “will of the majority’s,” a good thing in its way,
So long—but *not an inch beyond*—supporting Southern
sway!

CHORUS—Think, Freemen all! &c.

Its “heads we win and tails you lose” the game he’d
have them play,
If *their* man is elected, by all means, then obey!
But if he’s *not*—’twere folly the issue to abide,
So heads we win and tails you lose! and “let the
Union slide!”

CHORUS—Think, Freemen all! &c.

Our bold *Freemountain Eagle* will tear the threat to
shreds,
And if they try the traitor’s game—their blood be on
their heads!
“’Tis an awkward thing,” said Webster, in his grand
reply to Hayne,
“This *dying without touching earth*”—Let FILLMORE
think again!

CHORUS—And think, Freemen all! &c.

Hail to Fremont.AIR—" *Hail Columbia.*"

"Hereafter men shall seek for gold that is pure enough, and marble white enough to build his monument, and shall not find it."

HAIL to *Freedom* ! name adored !
 Hail to FREMONT ! Freedom's sword !
 Who made the wide *Pacific* free—
 The shores of that vast ocean free !
 And when the *Golden Land* was found,
 With Freedom all its treasures crowned ;
 Who scaled the splintered crags which rise
 Cloud-girdled in the Western skies,
 And to the lands *beyond them*, bore
 The Freedom of the *Atlantic's* shore !

Chorus :

Firm, united, side by side,
 Rallying round our mountain guide—
 Oh ! 'tis worth a *campaign's* toil
 To win an *Empire of Free Soil* !

Immortal glory waits on those
 Who check the assault of transient foes :
 Then oh ! what wreaths of fame should crown
 What wreaths of deathless fame should crown
Him who hath saved from *Slavery's* grip,
 From the foul bondage of the whip,
 Myriads of acres free and fair
 For Freedom's sons, unbought, to share !
 Oh, men will seek in after days
 Gold pure enough his tomb to raise.

Chorus :

But we, united, side by side,
 Will rally round our mountain guide ;
 And while he lives, repay the toil
 Which won us *Empires of Free Soil* !

Intercepted Dispatch.

AIR—" *The Darkie's Break Down.*"

Report addressed by the Rev. Somniferous C. Jaunty Bubb, Esq., (sometimes a Rev., and sometimes an Esq.,) Peripatetic Stump Orator of the Hard-Shell-Toe-Snapping-Anti-White-Man-Black-Slavery-Extension Association of Hunker Democrats, to the President and Secretary of the same. The report was accompanied by an urgent request for "two clean shirts and a half peck measure of Holloway's Pills," some of his "hardest-gutted friends," he said, "being unable to digest the old "Buck" by any of the normal processes of deglutition."

Try to call a meeting,
Very few attend;
In the general greeting
Cannot see a friend.
Bearded men uproarious,
Children throwing muck—
Opposite of glorious,
Stumping it for "BUCK!"

Spoke of "the hereafter"—
Found it wouldn't do;
Quite a peal of laughter
Answered my "boohoo."
Tried a little gammon
"Union very ill;"
Answer, "Jem Buchanan
Ain't the kind of pill!"

Called him "friend of labor"—
"Tell us how, we beg?"
Some unruly neighbor
Flung a rotten egg:
"He will raise your wages"—
"To ten cents a day!"
How "the unwashed" rages?
Wish I was away.

"He's a second Jackson"—
"He's a Doughface rogue!"
"How he 'soaped' the Saxon!"
Cries an Irish brogue:
"Statesman most sagacious"—
"Grabbing 'spoil' he's skilled!"
Oh, my goodness gracious!
When were these cats killed?

"Absent when the Kansas
Bill was called to time"—
"You be d—d!" a man says,
"He endorsed the crime."
"Jemmy never panders
To the warlike thirst"—
"Soulè, he and Sanders,
May their boilers burst!"

Everywhere the story
Runs about the same—
Not a mite of glory
In a losing game:
Money's all that *we* want—
Curse a losing trade!
I'll desert to FREMONT
If my bills aint' paid!

Our Jessie.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

THE choice made by JESSIE is ours;
We want the brave man she did wed;
He crowned her with gay bridal flowers,
And she is a crown to his head.

She shall be our Liberty's queen,
 And he shall rule over the State,
 From mountains of granite and green
 To the land of the Golden Gate.

The national path-finder needs
 An angel of love by his side,
 Then vict'ry will perch where he leads.
 God bless the next President's bride!

A New Song to an Old Tune.

BY C. C. DAWSON.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

I.

FREE soil we claim for Freedom's sons,
 No more of slave-cursed acres,
 For those who toil should own the soil,
 Be of its fruits partakers.

Chorus :

"OLD BUCK" so blue,
 And FILLMORE, too,
 Have both vile traitors been, sirs!
 Catch up the shout,
 And ring it out,
 FREMONT, Free soil, Free men, sirs!

II.

Free speech and press, those brothers twain,
 In Kansas lack protection,
 And though they long have suffered wrong,
 We'll right it after 'lection.
 The types that in the rivers lie,
 Thrown there for serving Freedom,
 Washed clean and bright, may come to light
 Some day when Truth shall need 'em.
 "OLD BUCK" so blue, &c

III.

We heed the cry in Kansas raised,
 Freemen like slaves are treated—
 Their houses burned, their just rights spurned!
 Though wronged, they're not defeated.
 A coward crew fair Lawrence sacked,
 With S. and A. to lead 'em,
 (Those names too long, and vile for song,
 For any song of Freedom.)

IV.

That border horde, their acts might shame
 Our Fathers' base oppressors,
 And in their turn, they too shall learn
 How fares it with transgressors.
 Who love the name of Bunker Hill,
 Just think of this, and con it,
 That TOOMBS declares, and madly swears,
 His slaves he'll muster on it!

V.

We've had enough of threats like this,
 We'll patient be no longer,
 And, if with canes, they beat our brains,
 We'll send them something stronger.
 FREMONT shall keep our Western plains,—
 He was the first to cross them,—
 From slavery free, and soon there'll be
 A railroad built across them.

VI.

We'll send him on to Washington,
 To be the White-House lessee,
 And when our own have older grown,
 We'll name a state for Jessie!
 Then let us rise, the victory's ours,
 We'll work and vote to win it,
 For righteous laws we make our cause,
 And all our hearts are in it.

“OLD BUCK” so blue, &c.

The Fremont Freeman's Battle-Cry.AIR—" *The Ivy Green.*"

Oh a noble cry is the free man's cry,
As it ringeth throughout our land,
Though our foes are strong and their boasting high,
Its *truth* they cannot withstand;
It ringeth aloud, our war cry proud,
It startles the dogs from their "spoil,"—
"Free tongue! Free pen! Free laws! Free men!
With FREMONT and *Free Soil*!"

It sweepeth abroad on the lightning's wings—
Oh hark to the glad reply!
An echo the fair Pacific flings
To the hoarse Atlantic's cry:
"We'll soon be joined with an iron band,
If victory crowns your toil—
Free tongue! Free men! Free laws! Free pen!
With FREMONT and *Free Soil*!"

He crossed the mountains ne'er crossed before,—
He rescued the Golden Land,
And the whole of the wide Pacific's shore,
From the grasp of Slavery's hand!
To link them now with a mighty road,
Who could better direct your toil?
"Free speech! Free pen! Free press! Free men!
With FREMONT and *Free Soil*!"

The snows of age have not chilled his blood,
Nor the snows of the mountain heights;
For Freedom still he could spill its flood,
Or to vindicate our rights!
Oh, if to Freedom you'd find a path,
Let the path-finder guide your toil—
Let the cry be, then,—"Free speech, Free men!
With FREMONT and *Free Soil*!"

“Victorious Liberty.”

AIR—“*Suoni la Tromba* ;” or, “Come Roam the Sea with me,
Love!”

WAKE from the slumbers that bound you!
Shout, for our danger is gravest!
March to the rescue ye bravest!
All shouting Liberty.
Your country is calling around you,
Rally ye freemen who love her!
Black hangs the tempest above her,
O’er the land of the free.
Hurrah!
March to the rescue ye bravest,
All shouting liberty!

Down with all wrong and oppression!
Trample on cowards and liars!
Kindle our fast dying fires—
The fires of Liberty!
Past are the days of concession,
’Tis yielding to wrong that unmans us,
Stand, for each inch of Free Kansas!
Fair State for the *Free*.
Hurrah!
Stand for the *whole* of Free Kansas!
And plant their Liberty.

Will ye be slaves, slaves forever?
Rise, ’tis the day and the hour!
Know ye, that yours is the power
To conquer Liberty?
Rise! rise! for slavery never
Can dwell where God freedom hath granted,
Nor where our forefathers planted
The standard of the Free.
Hurrah!
Use then your glorious power
To strike for Liberty!

Shout then, and march then, and stand,
 Stand to your rights, for Free Soil!
 Stand for Free Speech, and Free Toil,
 In homes of the Free!
 March, for the victory's ready!
 Be ye then worthy to clasp it—
 March with a true man to grasp it,
 Our Flag of Liberty!
 March till our leader shall grasp it,
 Victorious Liberty!!!

Should Antecedents be Forgotten?

AIR—"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgotten."

SHOULD *antecedents* be forgot
 Whatever hap betide?
 There's many a foul and ugly blot
 Some *candidates* would hide;
 Some things that BUCK would like to hide,
 And FILLMORE, ditto, too.
 But FREMONT, with a free man's pride,
 Holds up his shield to view.
 Should antecedents, &c.

And what is BUCK—a *party hack*!
 A Federal Hunker grim!
 A *place-man*, if his course you track,
 The "spoils" were still for him!
 What *single deed* of *public good*
 Can all his record show?
 He's let the South upon his mouth,
 Place Slavery's padlock—so!
 Should antecedents, &c.

Point out what that *slave-drivers'* slave,
 And flunkey, FILLMORE did—
 The peddling lawyer, raised by chance,
 Just did what *slavery bid*!

Ask PURSER SMITH to tell how well
 His "rights were guaranteed,"
 When Cuba's Captain General
 His banishment decreed!
 Should antecedents, &c.

Upon the Rocky Mountain's peak
 Our FREMONT's *name is there!*
 He rescued from the Slaver's grip
 Wide Empires fresh and fair;
 A *self-made* man, who found a path
 Where white men ne'er had been—
 Oh, but for him, the Golden Land
 Had been a *Southern scene!**
 Should antecedents, &c.

Song for Freedom.

ARISE, ye freemen, in your right,
 Your enemies defy,
 Exalt your standards—back the right,
 And fight for Liberty.

Behold her banner's on the ground,
 Defiled with bloody stains,
 And homesteads smoking all around
 On Kansas' fertile plains.

Shall border-ruffians thus efface
 Your country's brightest gem?
 And thieves, and murderers disgrace
 The nation's diadem?

Awake, then, patriots, buckle on
 Your armor for the fray,
 March onward, victory must be won,
 Where Fremont leads the way.

* "A Southern scene." In other words, a picture of the most
 abject brutality and degradation.

Your foes are numerous and stout,
Hurl back their taunts with scorn,
Put "Buck" and Fillmore to the rout,
The next election morn.

Let Freedom's banners be unfurled,
Your noble leaders be
Fremont and Dayton, and the world
Will shout your victory.



Charley our Hero.

AIR—"My boy Tammy."

WHERE have ye been so long?
Charley our hero!
Where have ye been so long?
Charley our hero!

I've been o'er dark and rugged tracks
Where seldom sounds the settlers' axe,
And cold winds, drive the cloudy racks
O'er the Rocky Mountains.

Where have ye been so long?
Charley our hero!
Where have ye been so long?
Charley our hero!

I've been o'er wide and barren plains
Through forests dark, where silence reigns
Daring winter's icy chains,
O'er the rough Nevada.

What did ye far away?
Charley our hero!
What did ye far away?
Charley our hero!

Ask the savage chiefs who fell,
Redding's Ranch, can answer well,
Monterey, a tale will tell,
Far beyond the Mountains.

Let us wear thee in our hearts,
 Charley our hero!
 Let us wear thee in our hearts,
 Charley our hero!
 Blessings on thine active strife!
 Blessings on thy noble life!
 Blessings on thy lovely wife!
 Our own hero.

Buck Shooting.

AIR—" *Will they miss me.*"

O, WHY should we vote for Buchanan,
 For Breckenridge why should we go?
 Are they any better than Douglas,
 Or Stringfellow, Coleman & Co.?
 No! the people in triumph will thunder—
 Whatever the issue may be,
 Our platform is *Freedom for Kansas!*
 Our motto, "*Free Homes for the Free!*"

Old Buck's an old foggy, a blue light,
 A Federalist yet he remains,
 All the Democrat blood in his body,
 Long ago he let out of his veins!
 Will Democrats turn to be Bucktails,
 A party of Bucktails? we'll see!
 Our Platform is *Freedom for Kansas!*
 Our motto, "*Free Homes for the Free!*"

Can poor men forget to remember,
 When old Buck was willing to greet
 The day when mechanics should labor
 For ten cents a day and no meat?
 He may take in his horns and forswear it,
 Can he blot out the record? Not he!
 Our Platform is *Freedom for Kansas!*
 Our motto, "*Free Homes for the Free!*"

Oh! the Free Working Men of the Union
 Can think! and will act for themselves!
 They'll slaughter Old Buck for his antlers,
 And let him dry up on the shelves.
 And the *Breakin' bridge* soon will be broken—
 A Kentucky ruin 'twill be;
 Our Platform is *Freedom for Kansas!*
 Our motto, "*Free Homes for the Free!*"

Two Songs by a Lady.

AIR—"Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep."

"Darkly frowns the rocky height."

DARKLY frowns, the rocky height,
 Golden shines the day;
 Boldly tread the hardy band
 On their toilsome way.
 Up, brothers! on brothers!
 Through the mountain snow,
 Till the plains and valleys lie
 A thousand feet below!
 Brave Charlie! strong Charlie!
 Not a man but he
 Plants upon the topmost crag
 The Flag of all the Free!

Float banner! wave banner!
 O'er the mountain's height,
 Freely float in freedom's air
 Standard of the right!
 Ah Jessie! sweet Jessie!
 Waiting day by day,
 Tidings of the loyal heart
 On its Westward way.
Chorus—Brave Charlie! etc.

Evil days come apace;
Stormy grows the time;
Cowards in the honored place
Tyranny and crime.
See the stars grow pale and wan
O'er the darkened land,
See the banner fold its wing
In the Traitor's hand!
Droop banner! furl banner!
Till the people dare
Snatch the standard of the Free
From its poisoned air.

Brave Charlie! strong Charlie!
Call we not in vain,
See! the hero comes at last
O'er the golden plain!
Ah Jessie! sweet Jessie!
Bid the hero speed—
Let the people find him true
In their time of need!
Chorus—Droop banner! &c.

Once again, valiant men,
Scale the nation's height!
Bearing up a fearless flag
Standard of the right!
Up brothers! on brothers,
Freemeh bid you go!
Wrong and fraud, and tyranny,
A thousand feet below!
Brave Charlie! strong Charlie!
Not a man but he
Plants upon the topmost cliff
The flag of all the free!

Float banner! wave banner!
May the hero's hand
Set the stars of victory
O'er the rescued land!

Ah Jessie! sweet Jessie
Let the people see
How a hero wins and wears
LOVE and LIBERTY!
Chorus—Brave Charlie! &c.

“The Woolly Horse.”

AIR—“Yankee Doodle.”

I.

COLONEL FREMONT came to town
On a Mustang Pony,
Seemed an ugly nag to run,
But it was very “Bony.”
Colonel FREMONT brought him home
Along with all his forces:
Don't it take the “Woolly Heads”
To find the “Woolly Horses?”

II.

He's the hoss for grit and go,
And Charlie'll make him go it!
Riding down the fiercest foe,
All before you know it!
Not an enemy shall stand,
Charlie will unhorse 'em,
While they look with *Film-o'er* eyes,
Pull the wool across 'em.

III.

Ride as far as Washington,
Charlie, while you're able—
Somewhere near the old White House
You will find a stable;
Ride away to victory!
Fillmore's looking daggers,
His old horse, and Jimmey's too,
Both have got the staggers.

IV.

Honor to the Mountain Colt,
 Freedom's sons and daughters!
Backbone all the way from Maine,
 To the *hindest* quarters.
 Honor to the Nation's Nag,
 Spite of brag and bully!
 FREMONT bears the freeman's flag
 On the back of *Woolly*!

Our Jessie.

AIR—"Jessie the Flower of Dumblane."

BY A LADY.

THE sun has gone down o'er the homes of the freemen
 And left but dark clouds brooding over the West,
 But hope bids us look for a happier morning,
 When we gaze on sweet JESSIE, our dearest and best.
 Oh, sweet are the maids of the far western prairie!
 And ever beloved will the Yankee girls be,
 But dear to our hearts as our fireside's own fairy,
 Is our own lovely JESSIE, the pride of the free!

The woman we worship is lovelier than any,
 She's noble and true as a woman can be,
 And far let the ruffian be spurned from our borders
 Who cares not for JESSIE, beloved of the free!
 Sing on, lovely bird, sing of dawn for our darkness;
 Thou art dear to the hearts of all patriot men;
 And who shall we toast for the queen of the White
 House?—
 We'll give them our JESSIE, again and again!

The Homesick Candidate.

AIR—"Curry me Back," &c.

In the sweet embrace of offices fat I've worked for
many a day,
Raking among the treasury beds, to me it was but
play;

And while the *Feds.* remained in power I worked as
hard as I could,

But when they grew weak, and offices failed, I be-
came a Democrat good.

"O carry me back" to Pennsylvania to Pennsylv-
vania's shore,

And leave me there for the rest of my days—I'll
ne'er see the White House door.

If I was only young again I'd lead a different life,
I'd save my honor and sell it not, and haste to get a
wife;

But now old age it holds me fast, and I am a bachelor
poor,

Then carry me back to my Wheatland House, for I'll
ne'er ope the White House door.

"O carry me back," &c.

Ah soon I'll be dead, and in my grave, and what ac-
count shall I make,

Of all my misdeeds and base intrigues, performed for
office's sake—

Then in sweet repose I'll lay me down, since times
have changed so sore,

Then carry me back to my Wheatland House, and
give FREMONT the floor.

"O carry me back" to Pennsylvania, to Pennsyl-
vania's shore,

And leave me there to end my days, while FRE-
MONT has the floor.

Old Bucky and his Hobby.

AIR—"Vilikins and his Dinah."

'Tis of an old bachelor who *in London did dwell*,
He had but one hobby, a faded old belle,
Her name it was *Polly-tics*, most seventy years old,
With a nice little treasury full of silvier and gold.

[*Chinking* chorus, expressive of old Buck's extreme love of party, and utter abhorrence of either filthy lucre, or personal advancement!]

Singing, tu ril la lu ril, &c.

As presidential leap year was a coming around,
Old Buck he smelt plunder, like a keen-scented
hound,

"If they nominate me, oh! we'll soon see the day
When I'll be a President, both galliant and gay.

[Melancholy chorus expressive of shattered hopes by a number of victims of misplaced confidence, all]

Singing, tu ril, &c.

Then Bucky determined something great he must do,
So he up and he signed th' Ostend Manifesto;

"Now, ye who love peace, you may dang my old
eyes,

But for that little job, I expect a tall prize,"

[This chorus is expressive of the good opinion Old Buck obtained for himself and his country, in Europe, by said little job. The French, Italian, and Polish refugee gentlemen of the orchestra will therefore please not play too rapidly.]

Singing, tu ril, &c.

Oh, Bucky! oh, Bucky! we know you have sign'd,
But to nominate *you* yet, we don't feel inclined;
Do you think we can't see, far clearer than mud,
That out of your veins you let "*that drop of blood.*"

[Sanguinary chorus of small boys from the South, showing how

convenient it is to be able to let out your *last drop* of Democratic blood to-day, and to-morrow to take in hogsheads of the same "raw material."]

Singing, tu ril, &c.

Then Bucky says sllily, "If once I so spake,
Can't you see that it was all for policy's sake ;"
With a chuckle and wink he then packs up his togs
And directs his mind's eye to the city of hogs.

[Chorus by the people expressive of "your off the track, you'd better go back," varied by "a night on the ocean wave," and a man taking a quiet pinch of snuff,—all three emotions expressed by]

Singing, Tu ril la, tu ril, &c.

As Bucky was waiting his chances, he found
His poor friend FRANK PIERCE lying dead on the
ground ;

Bucky wept, wink'd, and mutter'd, "My time I will
bide,

The South is ungrateful, but I must confide."

[Chorus—Of Pierce complimentary voters, at first uproarious ; finally quite subdued : also expressive of the general veering of the Cincinnati weather cock towards that "available old man."]

Singing, &c.

Then they got up a platform rich, racy, and rare,—
Nigger-driving, slave-holding, man-grinding affair ;
Bucky swallowed the platform, like a cat's-paw so
brave,

And he and his party *will* lie in one grave.

[*Nunc pro tunc chorus*—Expressive of what *will* be the singers' awful feelings on beholding the dead bodies of our beloved heroes—Buck and his party ! "*What* shall he have who killeth the Deer !"]

Singing, tu-u-ril-la-a-lu-u—boo-hoo, &c.

MORIAL.

Now all you young fellers, this advice you should
take,

Don't sell all *your* principles for office's sake ;
And all you Politicians, who eye the White House,
Keep all your former actions as still as a mouse.

Singing tu ril, &c.

Volunteer Song—By a Lady.

AIR—" *Ole Dan Tucker.*"

Down in the "Souf," not a great way off,
 The "nigger drivers" sneer and scoff;
 They curse and swear, but every day
 Their "happy slaves" *will* run away!

Get out de way—Get out de way—
 Get out de way, ye fiends of Satan,
 We're for FREMONT and for DAYTON!

Old Buck's "a very nice sort of man,"
 He tells us lies whene'er he can,—
 He says we mean, as sure as fates,
 To "outlaw fifteen sister States!"

Get out de way—Get out de way—
 Get out de way you ole sinner,
 I'll be bound you're not the winner!

Folks take Buck for a single man,
 But he's got a *shadow* in his *Van*;
 On Freedom's sun he's turned his back
 And so his shadow points the track!

Get out de way—Get out de way—
 Your track is not on Freedom's level,
 But downward—downward to the devil!

FREMONT's heart is strong and loyal,
 His a spirit high and royal—
 Daring, dauntless, mighty, human,
 He's the choice of a noble woman.

Get out de way—Get out de way—
 Get out de way old hoss Bucky,
 You've no wife to make you lucky!

Frank Pierce's Soliloquy.

AIR—" *Jordan is a hard road to travel.*"

I.

OF all the dirty tricks that have been played of late,
The dirtiest and worst, every man says,
Was the one I played myself, in the hope of fame
and pelf,

It was helping the South to pilfer Kansas.

Pack up my duds and take my leave,

Hard road to travel back to Coneord,

For all my broken pledges these sighs I heave,
It's a hard road to travel back to Coneord, I
believe!

II.

The slavery agitation was completely mute and mum,
When to power first I made my advances;
The friends of freedom slept, and I thought we could
have erept,

Without their once awaking, into *Kansas*!

Pack up my duds, &c.

III.

But soon were aroused the slumbering ranks,—

It was hard to face their wrathful glances,

And, imitating *Gortschakoff*, they raised up *Banks*,

As a breast-work for protecting *Kansas*!

Pack up my duds, &c.

IV.

And, for fear the *Banks* might be o'erflowed,

As slavery's foul tide advances,

They chose a Fremo(u)nt for their fortress proud,

And Fremont's the Ararat of *Kansas*!

Pack up my duds, &c.

The Contrast.

AIR—"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea."

OH! a keen eye, and a steady hand,
And a heart for the People's woe,
A will to give the stern command,
And a soul that fears no foe!

Chorus :

A soul that fears no foe, my boys!
A soul that fears no foe,
A will to give the right command,
And a soul that fears no foe!

For these the land is bleeding now,
For these do Freemen pray,
And these upon his face and brow,
Our Leader bears to-day!

Chorus :

Our Leader bears to-day, my boys, &c.

But the white cravat, and the glassy eye,
And the face whose lines recall
The party craft of times gone by—
Oh, turn them to the wall!

Chorus :

Oh, turn them to the wall, my boys, &c.

Oh! a keen eye, and a steady hand,
And a heart for the People's woe,
A will to give the stern command,
And a soul that fears no foe!

Chorus :

A soul that fears no foe, my boys,
A soul that fears no foe,
An eye, and a hand, and a heart and a will,
And a soul that fears no foe!

Strike Now or Never—Now and Forever.

AIR—" *The Marsellaise Hymn.*"

I.

SHADES of the great and good departed,
 Be ye the judges of our cause!
 Ne'er from the dream of peace we started
 Till ruffian force assailed our laws;
 They the aggressors! we were sleeping,
 Oh, naught of peril did we think—
 But shall the sons of Freedom shrink
 When tyrants o'er their rights are sweeping?
 No! by the stars above!
 For equal we were born—
 Too much we yielded to their love,
 Their force and fraud we scorn!

II.

Now let the tosein peal be sounded,
 No more cry Peace! where Peace is not—
 Let the foul traitors fall confounded
 Amid the ruins of their plot!
 'Twas they revoked the sworn agreement,
 Enslaving lands made Free before—
 Now let the North to battle pour
 Beneath the guiding hand of FREMONT!
 Boldly the strife he seeks,
 Breasting the slaver's brag—
 Calm as when on the mountain peaks
 He planted Freedom's flag!

III.

Men of the north! Or soon or later
 This strife must lead us hilt to hilt;
 Time—weakening us—will aid the traitor,
 Strike! ere he fortifies his guilt!

Strike! ere a new Slave State arises
 From Kansas drenched with Freedom's gore!
 Strike! ere her plains are bastioned o'er
 With Slavery's accursed devices!
 FREMONT, our chief be thou!
 Free men your chief sustain!
 Oh, if ye faint or falter now
 Forever wear the chain!

Jessie Fremont.

AIR—"Jessie the Flower of Dumblane."

(From the *Boston Transcript*.)

THE sun-burst has dawned over all the glad moun-
 tains,

While Freedom and glory rise up hand in hand
 To meet our young chieftain from Liberty's fountains,
 With Jessie, sweet Jessie, the flower o' the land!
 How blithe is the summons o'er all the wide nation,
 How swells the bold music that marshals our band!
 He comes like a hero to fill the proud station—
 With Jessie, sweet Jessie, the flower of the land

She's wise and she's prudent; she's good as she's
 bonnie;

For Virtue and Valor she takes a brave stand;
 For the Chieftain's White Mansion she's better than
 onie,

So give her "God speed!" there, the flower o' the
 land.

Let honest hearts greet her, and victory meet her,

You'll never repent it,—so join hand in hand,
 Till firm with our leader in rapture we seat her—
 Our noble young Jessie, the flower o' the land!

We're for Freedom through the Land.

AIR—" *Old Granite State.*"

WE are coming, we are coming! freedom's battle is begun!

No hand shall furl her banner ere her victory be won!
Our shields are locked for liberty, and mercy goes before:

Tyrants, tremble in your citadel! oppression shall be o'er.

We are all for Fremont,
We are all for Dayton—
We're for Liberty and Justice,
And for Freedom through the land.

We have hatred, dark and deep, for the fetter and the thong;

We bring light for prisoned spirits, for the captive's wail a song;

We are coming, we are coming! and "No league with tyrant man,"

Is emblazoned on our banner, while our Fremont leads the van!

We are all for Fremont, &c.

We are coming, we are coming! but we wield no battle brand;

We are armed with truth and justice, and our ballot's in our hand;

And our voice which swells for freedom—freedom now and ever more—

Shall be heard as ocean's thunder, when they burst upon the shore!

We are all for Fremont, &c.

We are coming, we are coming! not as comes the tempest's wrath,

When the frown of desolation sits brooding o'er its path:

But with mercy, such as leaves his holy signet-light
 upon
 The air in lambent beauty, when the darkening storm
 is gone.

We are all for Fremont, &c.

When Fremont is Elected.

AIR—"Now Hold your Horses, will you?"

THERE are some things that will be done—some other
 things that won't
 When FREMONT is elected, and these I will recount;
 Upon the tombs of Bunker's Hill, no TOOMBS* shall
 call his slaves,
 And *Free men* will in *Kansas* find *Free soil*, and not
Free graves.†

The oligarchs shall learn at last, that "Club-law"
 doesn't pay,
 The logic of the bludgeon is "a game that two can
 play":—

So hold your horses, will you, the "*old gray*" gives
 in fast,

The "*Mustang Colt*" is young and sound, and can-
 not be surpassed.

In vain you "crack your whip," and for disunion
 roar,

The "*Mustang Colt*" has gained the White House—
 it's no use knocking at the door.

We'll have a railroad from New York, clean away to
 San Francisco,

Oh, won't it make the "fogies" stare, and won't it
 make trade brisk, oh?

* Senator Toombs, of Georgia, "hopes he may never die" until
 he calls the roll of his human chattels from Bunker Hill. *If* we
 were man-haters we should say, amen!

† Of these (free graves) the border ruffians have been extremely
 liberal. *Vide* the cases of Barber, Dow, *cum multis aliis*, shot
 down in cold blood.

"The wealth of Ormus and of Ind.," of China and
 Japan,
 Shall make a highway through the *States*—'tis down
 on FREMONT'S plan!
 On millions of free white men, good pay shall be be-
 stowed,
 (Old Buck thinks "*ten cents*" *plenty*!) along the giant
 road.

So hold your horses, &c.

The fair, broad lands of *Freedom*, the *South* no more
 shall seize—

The *white man's* claims are paramount—let the *black's*
 come after these!

The race of 'doughface spoilmen' shall travel all away
 To the other side of Jordan when FREMONT holds the
 sway:

The seal of our abhorrence to the South's bad faith
 we'll fix

On the day when Freedom triumphs in November
fifty-six!

So hold your horses, &c

Jessie.

AIR—"Peg of Inverlochy."

I.

"JOHN! what shall we do,
 Since the parsons flee, sir!
 I must marry you,
 You must marry me, sir!"
 John replied, "my dear,
 All the orthodoxy
 Join us won't, I fear,
 Even though by proxy."
 "Then we'll place our hope
 In a Priest, or Jew, John,
 Though it be the Pope,
 He must put us through, John!

It will be the best
Thing he ever tried, sir,
And, as for the rest,
Our 'Union' will not 'slide,' sir!"

II.

When the message came
From the grim headquarters,
Jealous of his fame,
By Pacific's waters:
Jess! the seal tore off,
Saw what there was in it,
And was up to snuff,
In a half a minute.
It was John's recall
From his Western track, sir;
But she kept it all
Mum, till he came back, sir.
Then he praised her pluck—
"Take this golden lump, dear,
To you I owe my luck,
Jessie, you're a trump, dear!"

III.

When our candidate
Laid the firm foundation
Of that young *Free State*,
Richest in the nation;
Southern women prayed
Jessie, by committee,
That she would persuade
Him their lot to pity;
"Give us slaves," they cried,
"Or we're helpless, neighbor;"
Jessie spoke with pride—
"We are for *Free Labor*!
These my hands shall toil,
In housework, hard or easy,
Ere slaves shall curse this soil!"
Then give three cheers for JESSIE!

Oh ! Hope for the Triumph.

AIR—“ *Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.*”

Oh, hope for the triumph !—have faith in success !
 And remember, when dangers appear,
 How nobly our leader, 'mid pain and distress,
 Struggled on in his glorious career ;
 How once through Nevada's wild passes he strove
 For forty dread days, with his band,
 Where the terrible snow-peaks frown ghastly above
 And silence broods over the land.

A desolate region of ice and of cold ;
 But on, over chasm and erag,
 He urged his companions, still nervous and bold—
 And oft, when their courage would flag,
 He pointed afar to a bountiful elime,
 By the bright golden sands of the sea,—
 “ There—there will we rest ; but endure for a time
 Nor falter, but onward with me !”

Till at last after long, weary toiling, and gloom,
 They reached Sacramento's sweet vale,
 Where soft was the sunshine, and flowers in bloom
 Dyed the green upon hillock and dale ;
 And summer lay genial and warm on the air,
 And plenty crowned woodland and plain ;
 'There, glad, did they rest, till their chief, without
 fear,
 Led them forth to new triumphs again.

So now, tho' our country lies bleeding and sore,
 Overborne by tyrannical might ;
 Tho' sterner and closer the fight than before,
 When our fathers fought well for the right ;
 Yet still pressing on, will we scatter our foes,
 Each eager to push to the front,
 Till November shall bring to us grateful repose,
 And triumph once more to FREMONT !

The Southern Serpent.

AIR—" *The Valley lay Smiling before me.*"

I.

THE wide rolling prairies of Kansas
Lay smiling in Liberty's light,
When the black Southern Serpent advances
Their promise of beauty to blight;
Though long ago purchased by Freedom,
His conscience was quickly appeased,
And the North for so long did not heed him,
He thought he might do what he pleased.

II.

He flew o'er the "border" to ravage,
To fetter, to slay, and "subdue"
With more brain, and less heart than the savage,
No scruples of "compact" he knew;
It was Heaven that had blinded his vision,
And good from the evil transpired—
We had viewed minor wrongs with derision,
Some outrage like this was required!

III.

The North was aroused and united—
What argument failed to disclose,
Was shown by the red flame, which lighted
The region where *Lawrence once rose!*
The problem which baffled our study
Grew plain, when we saw, on *Free Soil*,
The *Slave snake*, with fangs sharp and bloody,
Crush *Freedom* to death in his coil.

IV.

Such a host! who is worthy to lead 'em?
To FREMONT our standard we gave—
See thou, that the fair soil of Freedom
Shall never be cursed by the slave!

That snake in our breasts we did cherish,
 We bore things that made our blood boil—
 But *unless he would utterly perish*,
 Let him now yield to Freedom her soil?"

The Slave's Appeal.

AIR—"Farewell, but whenever ye welcome the hour."

I.

ARISE! Oh, if ever your hearts made reply
 To the voice of the slave, be not deaf to our cry;
 For, God is our witness! our bondage is sore,
 Our burden is heavy—'twill soon be made more;
 The last star of hope from our sad sky will fade
 If Kansas a field for our torture be made—
 Our price will advance, and more bloodhounds will
 gape,
 Every dollar's increase is a bar to escape

II.

Like the locusts who ravage a country, nor heed
 To leave for next harvest the life-giving seed,
 But choose a new tract for the oncoming year,
 Nor die till the whole land lies leafless and sere—
 Like these, if confined to the South's wasted plains
 We had hopes time would starve them to loosening
 our chains,
 But if once let to swarm o'er that fresh, virgin soil,
 You renew the decree of our lash-guerdoned toil!

III.

Be true to *yourselves*, if not true to the *slave*,
 Recall the vast price, which for Kansas you gave!
 Remember the millions of white men who pour
 From the bondage of Europe each day to our shore,
 And say, when they ask for a home in the West,
 Will your cheeks be uncrimsoned when this is cor-
 fess'd?—

"'Twas yours, in our trust, but the Oligarchs craved,
And the fair homes you hoped for, by them are en-
slaved!"

IV.

Ah! dastards and fools! our contempt you're be-
neath,
Though the lash ploughs the flesh, and the blood-
hounds have teeth,
We are freer in *soul* than the slaves who would
swerve
From the altar of Freedom this Belial to serve.
Whip, fetter and bloodhound, sword, gibbet and stake
Are needed to keep us such slaves as they make—
But ye, by a threat are flung down in the dust,
And surrender the Empires God gave you in trust!

The Contrast.

AIR—"Lesbia hath a beaming eye."

I.

FILLMORE hath a traitor's tongue,
He now cajoles, and now would scoff us;
Right and left his vows are flung,
But all they mean is—"Give me office!"
Safer far our FREMONT's speech;
As straight and swift as flies the arrow
His few calm words, like flashing swords,
Divide a subject to the marrow.
Oh the Rocky Mountain guide!
The fearless, freedom-loving Fremont!
 Promise slips
 From many lips,
But *Truth* from thine, my dauntless Fremont!

II.

"Southern Rights," in FILLMORE's view,
 Our "Northern Rights" have neatly swallowed ;
 Their blood-hounds o'er our soil pursue,
 And *Kansas* might as well have followed !
 Now we, who know the *North* has *rights*,
 Find Slavery's flood so fast is gaining,
 That on the "Rocky Mountain" heights
 We mean to plant the few remaining !
 There the mountain-scaling chief,
 The Golden Land's redeemer, Fremont,
 On Freedom's heights
 Will guard the rights
 Which yet are left—our dauntless Fremont !

Charles Sumner.

AIR—" *The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.*"

Lines suggested by observing the vacant chair of Senator Sumner, on a recent visit to the Capitol.

I.

THE tongue that in the Senate's halls
 Rebuked the slaver's power,
 No more its thrilling accent calls
 From Freedom's leaguered tower ;
 The wit that flashed, the voice that rang
 With pathos wild and sweet,
 Retort not now the *South's* harangue—
 Unfilled is SUMNER's seat !

II.

Can eloquence prevail with men
 Whose logic is the lash—
 Of what avail the reasoner's pen
 Against the bludgeon's crash ?

Behold! upon the guilty floor,
 Heaven's boldest champion flung—
 Do thou, oh God! his strength restore!
 Give Freedom back her tongue!

The Pathfinder's Prayer on the Mountain.

AIR—"Remember the glories of Brian the brave."

I.

REMEMBER what Fremont has done for the land,
 Which 'twere well if his genius controlled;
 Along the Pacific his head, heart and hand,
 Have won us an empire of gold!
 But richer than gold was the gift which he gave
 To our sister—by him made a State—
 He decreed that the fetters should fall from the slave
 As he entered the Golden Gate!

II.

He planted our flag on the mountain heights,
 While the eagles wheeled below,
 For seldom could they, in their dizziest flights,
 To those cloud-capped summits go;
 The fair Pacific lies far beyond,—
 Behind the Atlantic roars,—
 "Be it mine," he cried, "with an iron bond
 To marry these Ocean Shores!"

III.

No sigh of the noble is lost, I ween,
 Heaven heard and vouchsafed his prayer;
 But years of trial were placed between
 To teach him to do and to dare.
 And now that he's called to the Curule chair
 As the guardian of Freedom's rights,
 Let him make it his care to fulfil the prayer
 Which he breathed on those mountain heights!

The Republican Ball.

BY JAMES A. BOONE.

AIR—"Rosin the Bow."

AROUSE the American eagle!

The wolf is devouring the lamb
Shall wolves in sheeps' clothing inveigle
The scions of old Uncle Sam?
From Kansas we'll cast out the legion—
"A good time is coming" for all,
FREMONT now, in Freedom's own region
Rolls on the Republican Ball.

They've struck a wrong string that may fetter
Stringfellow, whom discord enchants,
Should Marcy turn tail, we had better
For fifty cents, patch up his pants.
Our cry is, "Away with all spoilsmen,"
Already 'tis written, "they'll fall"
Beneath the strong arm of the toilsmen
Who roll the Republican Ball.

Caleb Cushing, like famed Caleb Quotem,
May ape the the chameleon and change
His colors—but wise men of Gotham
Shun *him* like a dog in the mange:
When Freemen shall pass him his sentence,
He'll swear black is white after all,
But too late, like deathbed repentance,
To roll the Republican Ball.

Steve Douglas, like Arnold the traitor,
To the camp of the enemy flew,
They've need of a giant far greater,
If men of the North they'd "subdue."
He's like a balloon that wants filling,
His gas is used up—after all,
Caved in, Douglas would for a shilling.
Roll on the Republican Ball.

Frank Pierce, whose extravagant wishes
 Have pillaged the national crib,
 Will scare up no more loaves and fishes,
 He'll fiz, and go out like a squib;
 FREMONT will give Franklin no quarter,
 FREMONT will make free with them all;
 For in this political slaughter
 He'll use the Republican Ball,

To them, be all honor and glory,
 Those bold pioneers, who could found
 The Free State of Kansas: when hoary
 Their brows shall with laurels be crowned.
 When all men shall have one equal charter,
 Then all human slav'ry must fall,
 They'll bless each political martyr
 Who roll'd the Republican Ball.

Kind hearts will appear to grow kinder,
 Th' American Hero to hail,
 Self-raised—eagle-eyed—our Pathfinder
 Each steep rocky mountain can scale;
 Thro' him, realms of gold we inherit,
 Where no shade of Slav'ry can fall;
 FREMONT, thus attesting his merit,
 Rolls on the Republican Ball.

Freedom's Anthem.

AIR—"God Save the King."

L

God guard the Freeman's cause!
 God make our foemen pause
 Ere they have pressed
 Men who have shared their fights,
 Freeman and brother-whites,
 To arm in defence of rights
 Which they would wrest.

II.

Oh, God be thou our guide!
Tame their mad, reckless pride,
 Show them their crime—
Oaths snapped like rotten straws,
Force beating down Thy laws—
Oh, make the Southrons pause
 While there is time!

III.

FREMONT our chief is now,
Guide him, and oh! do Thou
 Strengthen his hand!
Thou hast upheld his toil,
Now let him guard our soil,
And from foul civil broil
 Rescue the land!

IV.

Oh, God! thou wert our guide
In those old times which tried
 Our fathers' youth—
Ah! not less just the cause
For which our hand now draws
In aid of outraged laws
 Thy sword of Truth.

Some unknown poet has perpetrated the following:

How happy Franklin Pierce must be?
 Since he's *turned out* so well;
For he can leave off war, and soon
 In peace and *Concord* dwell.

True Freedom.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MEN! whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free, —
 If there breathe on earth a slave
 Are ye truly free and brave?
 If ye do not feel the chain
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves indeed—
 Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt?
 No! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with heart and hand to be
 Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves, who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves, who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than, in silence, shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves, who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

—♦♦♦—

Campaign Song.

AIR—"Villikins and his Dinah."

AS BUCHANAN was walking by the White House one
 day

His eyes did roll upwards, and thus he did say,
 "I am looking for lodgings, and this is the thing;
 So I guess I will take it quite early next spring."

Singing, to la lal la ral la to ral lal la.

Then bowing quite low to the people around,
 He called them the bravest he had ever found;
 The South was his darling, the North was his pride;
 And, in speaking of Kansas, he tenderly sighed—
 Singing, to la, &c.

'Twas thus he was talking sweet things to the crowd,
 When the *voice of the people* rose up very loud:
 "Here come JOHN and JESSIE, so clear out the way,
 'Tis too late in the season for you to make hay."
 Singing, to la, &c.

"We go for Free Kansas, and Free Speech, Free Press,
 Our whole rights as Freemen we want to possess;
 We want no "old fogies" their yoke to lay on,
 So clear out the way for our JESSIE and JOHN!"
 Singing, to la, &c.

Then BUCHANAN with weeping looked round on the
 crowd,
 But, alas! for his *phelinks*, they cried very loud:
 "Make way for brave FREMONT! our hero, make way,
 You can row up Salt River for *Ten Cents a Day!*"
 Singing, to la, &c.

MORAL.

Now all wire pullers take warning by this,
 Ere dreaming of gaining political bliss,—
 Don't knock at the White House or Uncle Sam's
 Farm,
 Unless Freedom and JESSIE both hang on your arm!
 Singing, to la, &c.

Song should spur the mind to duty;
 Nerve the weak, and stir the strong:
 Every deed of truth and beauty
 Should be crowned by starry song
 BARRY CORNWALL.

“ Buck, Buck never had Luck.”

AIR—“ *Tippecanoe and Tyler too.*”

BY A. OAKLEY HALL.

WHAT has caused this great sensation,—sation, sation,
The country thro’?

It is the uprising of this great nation

For Col. Fremont and Dayton too!

Chorus—For Col. Fremont and Dayton too,

And with them we’ll beat old Buck;

Buck, Buck never had luck—

And with them we’ll beat old Buck!

Men! strike for Kansas and free soil,—soil, soil,

And rights our fathers knew!

Free speech, free labor, free press, free men,

And for Fremont and the Jersey Blue.

Chorus.

There’s nothing better than lager bier—bier, bier

Which Philadelphians brew!

’Tis a fact we long ago found out,

While drinking to Fremont and Dayton, too.

Chorus.

Did you hear Buck’s Wheatland speech, — speech,
speech

For the Douglass crew!

Buck’s only a *Platform*, so, we’ll vote

For Col. Fremont and Dayton, too.

Chorus.

Yes, old Buck will get a tannin’,—tannin’, tannin’,—

A platform-man won’t do!

Our *Constitution* needs good blood

Like that of Fremont and Dayton, too.

Chorus.

Let Fillmore prate of his nullification,—cation, cation;
How little he knew!

In '36 two Northerners ran,

'Twas Tippecanoe and Granger too.

Chorus—'Twas Tippecanoe and Granger too,—

And now the North will beat old Buck,—

Buck, Buck who never had luck,

And the North will beat old Buck!

They say there are books in the running 'Brooks,'—

'Brooks,' 'Brooks,'—

Shakespeare says true!

And thousands have learned from the bully to turn

To Col. Fremont and Dayton, too.

Chorus.

Then, on March Fourth, Pierce will march forth,—
forth, forth;

The sky will be all blue!

And millions raise victorious shouts

For Col. Fremont and the Union too.

Chorus—For Col. Fremont and the Union too,

Then we'll soundly have beaten old Buck—

Buck, Buck he never had luck,—

And we'll soundly have beaten old Buck!

Uncle Sam's in love with Fremont's Jessie—Jessie,
Jessie,

The wife so true!

And since old Buck has but bachelor luck

Why can't we "give him Jessie" too!

Chorus—Why can't we "give him Jessie" too!

Let Jessie make conquest of Buck,—

Buck, Buck has but bachelor luck,—

Let Jessie make conquest of Buck!

Note.—There was no song more popular in 1840 than the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Its melody is widely known.—Both rhythm and melody are very elastic, and verses can be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*, according to locality, circumstance and whim.

How Buck Goes Bobbing Around.

AIR—"Bobbing Around."

I.

THE Buchaniers begin to shake,
As they go bobbing around, around,
That Kansas job was "a grand mistake,"
They find in bobbing around.
Though Buck was not there he endorsed the crime,
Bobbing around, around, around,
So the "alibi-dodge" won't do this time,
As he goes bobbing around.

II.

His "*Fed.* antecedents" do him no good,
As he goes bobbing around, around,
He changed for the "spoils," 'tis well understood
To "*democracy*," bobbing around.
That "drop of blood," which he swore he'd spill,
As he went bobbing around, around,
The *want of it* now, his hopes will kill,
And leave him bobbing around.

III.

A "*Fed.*" he was in his *least bad** days
He was always bobbing around,
And *fed* at the public crib he stays,
"*Availably*" bobbing around.
He's weak in the knees, his back's got a "craze"
From constantly bobbing around, around,
Like Nebuchadnezzar we'll send him to graze
At Wheatland, bobbing around!

* "*Least bad.*" Our contributor wrote "*palmy*," but this was so gross a mistake to be other than a slip of the pen. We have, therefore, taken the liberty to alter it to the least objectionable form that our knowledge of Mr. Buchanan's antecedents would permit.

Rise, Brothers, All.

AIR—"Sparkling and Bright."

I.

A SOUND of arms and of war's alarms,
Each breath from the South is bringing ;
'Tis the charging van of oppression's clan,
To the breeze their dark flag flinging.

CHORUS—

Then rise, brothers, all, at duty's call,
Beat back our fierce assaulters ;
And strike with might, for God and the right,
And the fires of freedom's altars !

II.

Our brothers bold in the prairies cold,
In bloody shrouds are lying,
And their wives on high send the piercing cry,
And from burning homes are flying.

CHORUS—

Then rise, brothers, all, at duty's call, &c.

III.

A noble hero is bleeding now,
In the halls of the nation falling ;
And his crimson gore as it stains the floor,
Is for vengeance loudly calling.

CHORUS—

Then rise, brothers, all, at duty's call, &c.

IV.

Lo! shouts arise which strike the skies,
Like the roaring of ocean surging ;
As to Freedom's front leaps bold Fremont,
Our host on to victory urging.

CHORUS—

Then rise, brothers, all, at our chieftain's call, &c.

V.

Then on let us go to meet the foe,
 Though above us the thunder rattles,
 We stake our life, in the holy strife,
 With our trust in the God of battles.

CHORUS—

Then rise, one and all, &c.

**Nursery Rhymes for Young
 Fremonters.**

I.

"Who goes here?"—
 "A Buchanier!"
 "What dy'e want!"—
 "Cuba, dear!"
 "What dy'e offer?"—
 "Ostend notes!"
 "Get ye gone, you'll get no votes."

II.

Poor old Buck has lost his sheep,
 And does'nt know where to find 'em;
 Let him alone—when they come home,
 They'll have all their tails behind 'em.

III.

Soulé and Buck went up a hill,
 To get some Cuba water,
 Soulé fell, and lost a crown,
 And now Buck tumbles after.

IV.

I'll tell you a story
 Of Fillmore's glory,
 And now my story's begun!
 He journeyed to Rome,
 He came back home,
 And now *he*, and my story are done!

Fremont Boys, Come out To-Night.

BY A. OAKEY HALL.

AIR—"Buffalo Gals."

As I was coming down the street,
Down the street,
Down the street,
A Fillmore man I chanced to meet,
He asked me how to vote.
Fremont boys can't you come out to-night,
Can't you come out to-night,
Can't you come out to night,
Fremont boys, can't you come out to-night,
And take him in your boat?

Let's take him in and have a talk (repeat, &c.)
And give him freedom's plank to walk—&c.
Our platform's fair to view.
Fremont boys, can't you come out to-night (repeat,
&c.)
And huzza for "the Jersey Blue."

Our standard it is bound to float (repeat, &c.)
We're in the Californy boat,
And bound to put her through.
Fremont boys, can't you come out to-night (repeat,
&c.)
The Fillmore men look blue.

We're for free speech and free soil too (repeat, &c.)
For FREMONT and the Jersey Blue,
Our cause is high and just—
To Freedom give a boost to-night (repeat, &c.)
And raise her from the dust.

A Warning to the South.

AIR—"Oh Woodman, Spare that Tree."

I.

OH, let the South forbear
To seize what Freedom claims!
High through the startled air
The wreck of Lawrence flames:
The land was once made free,
The compact hath been riven,
Shall freemen tamely see
Their soil to Slavery given?

II.

Let them forego their aims,
The fires in Kansas lit,
May wrap in spreading flames
Their homes and slave-pens yet;
The bond was on their side,
To them its profit turned—
Shall we the terms abide
Which they (*when used*) have spurned?

III.

If *they* o'erleap the bound
Which they themselves imposed,
Then let us take the ground
That compromise is closed!*

We'll *clip* the tiger's claws,
If *tamed* it cannot be,
With the scalpel of free laws
And FREMONT's victory!

* *Vide* some recent debates in the U. S. Senate. Loud were the "Boohoos" when Senator Seward hinted that "the day of compromise would be soon over" if the South persisted in its present bad faith.

“Grasshopper Pie.”

BY ONE WHO HAS EATEN IT.

AIR—“*Old Dan Tucker.*”

“GRASSHOPPER Pie” is a very good dish,
When a man can’t get whatever he wish :
The grasshopper leaps, and the grasshopper flies,
With more *backbone* than any of his size.

Chorus :

So leap away, my long grasshopper !
To the White House, if you think proper.
Leap away, &c.

And “Cricket Paste” done up with berries,
Tastes like a pie of the sweetest cherries,
Patted and pressed, and smoothed by the paws
Of the very prettiest Yankee squaws.

Chorus :

So chirp away, my gay grasshopper !
The cricket sings, and none can stop her.
Chirp away, &c.

Oh ! pumpkin pies the Yankees seek,
Four pieces seven times a week :
And codfish swim round Cape Cod flats,
To feed the codfish ’ristocrats.

Chorus :

But browse away, my lean grasshopper !
Where red men are the color of copper,
Browse away, &c.

Molasses, and pork, and buckwheat cakes
Are “pills that everybody takes ;”
And beans, and corn, and milk, we mash
To get a suck of succotash.

Chorus:

But take your time, my fat grasshopper
Choose each flower that's a honey dropper.
Take your time, &c.

In dirty spots all over the map
White folks are slaves for "treasury pap:"
In the swamps are niggers, who'd rather be
Starved to death than not to be free.

Chorus:

So run away, my black "line-hoppers,"
We'll not let them be your stoppers.
Run away, &c.

We sent our man to search, and be
Pathfinder bold of all the free—
The cowards said he would starve and die,
But he marched ahead, eating grasshopper pie.

Chorus:

So march along, and eat grasshopper,
Starving men will say it is proper.
March along, &c.

Shoshonees and Shoshokees stand,
And watch to scalp the hardy band; —
But charmed and awed by FREMONT's eye,
They come and share his grasshopper pie.

Chorus:

So smoke, and eat the dry grasshopper,
Friendly whites, and skins of copper.
Smoke and eat, &c.

Then freemen toil, nor ever stop,
Next fall we'll reap a golden crop,

And feed our FREMONT, ere he die,
With something better than grasshopper pie.

Chorus :

Oh, once for us he ate grasshopper,
We'll make him now our land's "Tip Topper."
Once for us, &c.

FORT HALL, 1856.

The Kansas Pioneers.

AIR—" *The days when we went gypsying,*" &c.

BY JAMES A. BOONE.

A SONG for the Kansas pioneers,
Our friends without a home,
Whose eyes are dim, whose cheeks are wet
With tears, as on they roam;
They sigh, as they flee from madd'ning strife,
For kindred who have bled—
They dread far more than the Indian's knife,
The border ruffian's tread!
The darts of death glance rapidly,
The ruddy embers glow,
Their homesteads—an incendiary
Fired—not long ago!

In cold blood shot our free-born rae,
Like wolves are hunted hence;
To quench the soul's bright fire in men
Is Slavery's recompense.
Their homes are sacked at dead of night;
An axe is raised on high
To mutilate a man alive—
He then is *free to die!*
In misery passed is day and night—
No border ruffian foe
Dared slaughter free-born pioneers
Fifty years ago!

The official term is growing short
 And shorter every day,
 Thank God!—and Pierce, with halting steps,
 Is *fainting* on the way!
 No other land more bright than this,
 Where men have “sown in tears
 To reap with joy” a harvest soon—
 Our Kansas pioneers.
 The name of FREMONT causeth all
 Republicans to glow
 Like patriotic pioneers,
 Eighty years ago!

Behold the Man!

AIR—“*A little more cider too.*”

THE South once struck for liberty,
 And played the patriot's part,
 But, like some ladies, now she keeps
 The cotton next her heart.
 And now the days of all her friends—
 “Black Douglas,” “Bully Brooks,”
 And “Uncle Butler,” all are told,
 And black her future looks.
Chorus—Then shout with joyous cheer!
 Then shout with joyous cheer!
 For brave Fremont shall lead the front,
 And be our pioneer.

Soon shall the fame of Franklin Pierce
 In dark oblivion fade—
 Melt like the candy, short and sweet,
 For which *that* cent was paid.
 Buchanan, though no doubt a “trump,”
 “Runs with” a bad machine,
 And ne'er shall in the old “White House”
 As President be seen.
Chorus—Then shout, &c.

Besides he has no dearer self,
The partner of his soul—
Fremont has got a "better half,"
Then what must be the whole?
She in the old "White House" will send
Sweet music through the aisles,
And like a Jessiemine will wreath
Its porch with flowering smiles.
Chorus—Then shout, &c.

We want no Southerner who's learned,
'Mong slaves to rule the free,
And studied liberty while serfs
Before him bowed the knee.
We want a man to stem the tide—
The Stygian tide of sin,
And bid the "Reign of Terror" cease,
Which rose when Pierce "went in!"
Chorus—Then shout, &c.

There comes a chief from the sunset land,
From off far shores of gold,
A man whose mind and soul are cast
In Nature's noblest mould;
And freedom's heart exulting throbs,
While from her banner'd van,
Like the voice of many waters, peals
The cry—"Behold the man!"
Chorus—Then shout, &c.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The North is Discovered	3
Rallying Song	5
The Star-Spangled Banner.....	6
The Gudgeon of Democracy and the Southron Ark.....	7
The Retrospect	9
Grim Truth in Masquerade.....	10
A Fourth of July Ode for the Freeman of Fifty-six	13
The White House Race	14
The Dirge of the Doughface	16
The Exodus	17
How the South Overreached Itself	18
For Fremont and Freedom.....	20
The Song of Fifty-Six.....	21
Buck's Private Confession Publicly Revealed.....	23
A Logical Deduction	24
The Double-Faced Janus	25
Our Irish Fellow Citizens to Old Buck	26
Most Miserable Consolation	27
I Dreamed in the White House that I was Installed.....	28
What Miss Columbia did when she came of Age	29
A Candidate for Auction.....	30
Nursery Rhymes for Young America	31
Hunting the Buck	33
Richmond's Song for the Times.....	34
A Dough-lorous Ditty	35
The Battle Cry.....	36
The Political Pasty.....	37
Give 'Em Jessie and Fremont.....	38
The Last Patriot.....	39
A Campaign Song.....	40
Ode to Freedom	42
Fremont's the Choice of the Nation.....	43
Appeal to Freeman	44
Give 'em Jessie"	45
Freedom	46
Fremont	47
Fremont and Liberty.....	48
The Great F. F.'s of Old Virginia	49
The March of Freedom.....	50
The Four Years' Race.....	51

	PAGE
Uncle Buck, or the Living Automaton.....	52
The Laboring Man's Song	53
The Slave-Driver's Monody	54
Heads We Win—Tails You Lose	55
Hail to Fremont	57
Intercepted Dispatch.....	58
Our Jessie	59
A New Song to an Old Tune... ..	60
The Fremont Freeman's Battle-Cry	62
"Victorious Liberty"	63
Should Antecedents be Forgotten	64
Song for Freedom.....	65
Charley our Hero.....	66
Buck Shooting.....	67
Two Songs by a Lady. No. 1. Darkly frown the Rocky Heights.....	68
No. 2. The Woolly Horse.....	70
Our Jessie.	71
The Homesick Candidate.....	72
Old Bucky and his Hobby.....	73
Volunteer Song—by a Lady	75
Frank Pierce's Soliloquy.....	76
The Contrast	77
Strike Now or Never—Now and Forever.....	78
Jessie Fremont	79
We're for Freedom through the Land	80
When Fremont is Elected.....	81
Jessie	82
Oh! Hope for the Triumph.....	84
The Southern Serpent.....	85
The Slave's Appeal.....	86
The Contrast.....	87
Charles Sumner.....	88
The Pathfinder's Prayer on the Mountain.....	89
The Republican Ball.....	90
Freedom's Anthem	91
True Freedom.....	93
Campaign Song.....	93
Buck, Buck Never Had Luck.....	95
How Buck Goes Popping Around	97
Rise, Brothers. All	98
Nursery Rhymes for Young Fremonters.....	99
Fremont Boys, Come Out To-night.....	100
A Warning to the South.....	101
Grasshopper Pie.....	102
The Kansas Pioneers.....	104
Behold the Man.....	105

COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC



THE LIFE OF
COLONEL J. C. FREMONT,

AND HIS

Explorations, Discoveries and Adventures,
IN KANSAS, NEBRASKA, OREGON,
AND CALIFORNIA.

In One Volume, 500 pages, 12mo. Price \$1.00.

WITH AN ACCURATE STEEL PORTRAIT AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LIFE OF COLONEL FREMONT has been prepared with fidelity and care, by SAMUEL M. SMUCKER, Esq., Author of "The Life and Reign of Catherine II.," "Nicholas I., Emperor of Russia," and other works of interest and value. It will be found not only highly interesting in its incidents, but entirely reliable in its statements of facts.

The EXPLORATIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND ADVENTURES, are from COL. FREMONT'S own hand, and were written by him while in the discharge of a public trust, before he had any connection whatever with politics. They are, therefore, entirely reliable, exhibiting truthfully his energy and perseverance, his sagacity, his sway over men under the most difficult circumstances, and his easy, interesting, and forcible style of writing.

Those two features of this work are particularly commended to public attention. It embraces the Life of COL. FREMONT, and his Reports, *unabridged*. In this work, therefore, is furnished not only the incidents of his early and advancing life, but, also; his public and official acts, which have laid the foundation of his brilliant fame. The public can, therefore, rely not only on the "authenticity" of this work, but upon its "completeness," also, notwithstanding the inconsistent assertion of unscrupulous egoists, who so Pharisaically parade *their own* as the "only authorized and authentic" work, among the many others devoted to the Life and Doings of the

PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY,

and published by those who heartily sympathize with the cause of which he is the honored leader, and who have heretofore dared to manifest that sympathy, both by their words and their Works. Mailed free, on receipt of price. Address

MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN, Publishers.

25 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, OR 107 GENESEE ST., AUBURN.

VINDICATE THE TRUTH.

The Republican Party

AND ITS

CANDIDATES.

COMPRISING THE HISTORY, PRINCIPLES AND PURPOSES OF
THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN THE UNITED STATES, FROM
THE DAYS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON TO THE PRESENT
TIME, AND A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

COLONEL J. C. FREMONT,

AND

WILLIAM L. DAYTON,

BY BENJ. F. HALL. ONE VOL., 12MO., WITH PORTRAITS.
PRICE \$1.00.

REPUBLICANS EVERYWHERE


Will find the above work interesting and instructive. It contains
just the matter which all should have within convenient reach.

IT IS THE SHARP'S RIFLE

of Facts and Arguments, effectual as a means of defence against
the assailants of the Principles and purposes of the REPUBLICAN
PARTY. It contains a connected History of the causes which
led to

THE DISRUPTION OF OLD PARTIES,

Their abandonment of the original principles on which they
were founded; their progressive or increasing subserviency to
the Slave Interest, as shown in obsequious devotion to its claims,
culminating on that crowning act of infamy and treachery—the
abrogation of the Missouri Compromise—and in the series of
crimes and outrages by which it has been followed; and a
Biography of its Candidates.

 **10,000 Agents** wanted to circulate the above; also
the **Life and Explorations of J. C. Fremont**, and the
Republican Campaign Songster, to whom liberal terms will
be given. For particulars Address

MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN, Publishers.

25 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, OR 107 GENESEE ST., AUBURN.